

# THE CRITIC

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## The Lounger

FOR thirty-five years Mr. Henry Mills Alden has been editor of *Harper's Magazine*. This is a long time to sit in the same editorial chair, and there are not many men in this country who can show as good a record. Mr. Alden has seen a great many changes in the magazine world since 1869. Up to 1871 *Harper's* had things pretty much its own way, but with that year *Scribner's Magazine* came into being, and then began that competition which is the life of all trade, even that of publishing. *Harper's* had now to bestir itself, and in its new editor it had a man who understood his business. If you should drop in at Franklin Square and have a little chat with Mr. Alden on some metaphysical or philosophical subject you would never for a moment suspect that he was a hustling editor. He sits away down in his chair as though he had no thought of ever getting out of it and talks in low, leisurely tones, as might one who did not have a live magazine to edit or a suburban train to catch. The hustle in his face lies in his eyes, and when he talks "shop" there is a light in those usually dreamy depths that would pick out a new writer in the dark. Mr. Alden has made *Harper's* a great magazine. It was a good magazine before he took editorial charge, but its life was too easy for it to be great. With the advent of other magazines it had

to shake off its easy-going ways and jump into the arena armed at every point.

Mr. Alden is seventy years old and he looks good for seventy years more.

Age cannot wither him, no custom stale  
His infinite variety.

24

I suppose that every one who has to fight his way in the world has a hard time at the start,—some at the finish,—but Émile Zola's early life, as related by Mr. Ernest Vizetelly, seems to have been particularly hard. For a long time Zola earned but two francs a day, and yet he aspired to be a poet, and it was not until later in life that he decided to be a novelist. Mr. Vizetelly tells us that many of the incidents in "The Confessions of Claude" are autobiographical.

At the same time [he says], romance is blended with fact in the "Confessions"; and it would be quite a mistake to regard Laurence as a portrait of the young woman to whom Zola became attached. At the same time, the aspirations of his nature are well revealed in that book, which beneath some literary exaggeration remains instinct with the genuine disappointment of one who has found the reality of love different from his dream of it.

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ENTERED AT NEW ROCHELLE, N. Y., POST OFFICE AS SECOND-CLASS MATTER.

As the winter of 1861 approached, Zola's poverty became terrible. It was then, as he afterwards told Guy de Maupassant, that he lived for days together on a little bread, which, in Provençal fashion, he dipped in oil; that he set himself to catch sparrows from his window, roasting them on a curtain rod; and that he "played the Arab," remaining indoors for a week at a time, draped in a coverlet, because he had no garments to wear. Not only did he himself starve, but the girl who shared his poverty starved with him. "Claude's Confessions" relate how, at one moment of desperation, on a bitter winter evening, after an unbroken fast of thirty-six hours, he took off his coat on the Place du Pantheon and bade his tearful companion carry it to the pawnshop.

24

I have received a letter signed "Randall Blackshaw," from which I make this extract:

When Zola died, there remained only three authors of world-wide fame: the great Russian moralist who sets humanity above patriotism, the brilliant romancer and balladist who sings of the glories of British imperialism, and the American humorist who for so many years has touched mankind's mental funny-bone as deftly as the expert carver hits the joint in the interlocking leg of a duck. Tolstoy, Kipling, and our own Mark Twain stand head and shoulders above all other living writers in the magnitude of their renown. Their names are household words wherever European civilization has spread. No other author is in the same class with them. There is, however, a fourth, whose vogue is slowly but surely growing, and who, if he lives and retains his faculties, will some day stand in close proximity to this little group, if he does not actually join it. In his rare and delicate genius he differs from each of these heirs of fame as widely as they in turn differ from one another.

Shall I say whom I have in mind? Not just yet. Let me first see how many of your readers will guess the name I have written on the slip of paper that accompanies this note.

25

"The Seagulls, and Other Poems," by Miss Enid Welsford, will attract the attention of those who are interested in infant phenomena as well as



MISS ENID WELSFORD

those who are interested in poetry. Miss Welsford wrote these poems before she was twelve years of age. The little poetess composed lines to her mother at an even earlier age, before she had learned to write. The verses in the published volume are better than some juvenilia and not as good as others. The two little Goodale girls wrote much more maturely at about the same age.

26

Mme. Waddington, whose "Letters of a Diplomat's Wife," published last winter, attracted delighted attention, is visiting the United States, her native country, for the first time in thirty-nine years. The changes that she notices are not all for the better, and I am not surprised to hear that when her attention was called to the sky-scrapers she exclaimed, with a shudder, "Ugh! How hideous!" There may have been pigs rooting in the streets of New York thirty-nine years ago. I am not sure that it would be a bad idea to have pigs rooting on Broadway or Fifth Avenue to-day. It certainly would rid those thoroughfares of some of the refuse that lies rotting in their gutters.



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THE ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY

An interesting international episode is the visit of the Archbishop of Canterbury to this country. This distinguished primate holds the highest position in Great Britain after the King and the royal family. Not even the Duke of Norfolk takes precedence over him at public or private functions. The Archbishop has been under con-

siderable strain for some time past and it was decided by his physicians and friends that a visit to the United States and Canada would be as agreeable a relaxation as he could have. Unless we overdo our hospitality, as in the case of certain visitors, the Archbishop will probably find that his visit has proved an admirable pick-me-up.



Photo by Alfred Ellis

London

MR. MAX BEERBOHM

It would be impossible to mistake Mr. Max Beerbohm for anything other than a humorist. Your professional joker is nearly always a man with sad eyes and a world-weary expression. The saddest-looking man I know is the author of "Cheerful Americans." The inventor of the Purple Cow looks as though he would like to be hurried out of this tiresome world on the horns of that wild-eyed beast, and as for the jocular Oliver Herford, I don't believe that he could smile even at one of his own jokes.



The funniest pictures that Mr. Beerbohm ever made are those that illustrate his "Poets' Corner." The poets

whom he has satirized could not fail to be amused. I am sure that Browning would have enjoyed the picture of the meeting of the Browning Club. About Tennyson I am not so sure. He did not have a very great sense of humor.



Mr. Irving Bacheller is more or less before the public at the present moment because of the appearance of his latest novel, "Vergilius," first published by Messrs. Harper, and the wide discussion it has caused. It seems to be generally admitted that Mr. Bacheller's "Eben Holden" manner is his best. So far as my own taste goes one "Eben Holden" is worth a dozen "Ver-



MR. IRVING BACHELLER



MR. IRVING BACHELLER'S HOUSE AT SOUND BEACH, CONNECTICUT



MR. IRVING BACHELLER IN HIS "DEN"



MR. IRVING BACHELLER ON THE LATE GEN. GUY V. HENRY'S HORSE

gilliuses," and I sincerely hope that when Mr. Bacheller again writes a novel he will return to his early manner. His story of ancient Rome has nothing in it that is new. It is stilted in style, and when it touches upon the Saviour of mankind it comes dangerously near being sacrilegious. I do not for a moment think that Mr. Bacheller had any such intention, but at best it is a mistake for the novelist of to-day to write "tales of the Christ."

22

Like most large men, the author of "Eben Holden," for it is as the author of that book that I prefer to think of Mr. Bacheller, is quiet and easy of demeanor, despite the formidable cigars which form part of his diet. In figure he is not unlike the big, hard-hitting cricketers whom one sees in English county matches—but here the resemblance ceases.

"I don't know whether you object to being interviewed, Mr. Bacheller," said a representative of THE CRITIC,

when they were seated in his study, which is built out over the water at his country home near Sound Beach, Connecticut, and which looks out toward distant Long Island across the peaceful waters of the Sound; "I hope you don't object."

"Oh, well," he replied, "I think we had better dispense with regular set questions. We'll chat along, and if I say anything worth recording, you can write your article, and if not—well, there is no harm done. When I was a reporter and wrote interviews for a living, I found that was the best way to get the best out of a man. Don't you agree with me?"

23

THE CRITIC'S representative agreed to this with great pleasure, and as they talked Mr. Bacheller told how he came to write his most famous book: "One day in '97 I received a letter from one of the men I had known on the *Brooklyn Times*, asking me if I did n't have a book written or in hand that I could

let him have for a Boston firm by which he was employed. In the meantime I had unsuccessfully offered the first 'Eben Holden' as it then stood to two juvenile publications; but as I happened to be just starting off on a vacation at that time, I determined myself to see the Boston firm, which was the Lothrop Publishing Company. I met the editor, Mr. Brooks, at the Parker House, and told him the story as I had written it. He immediately saw the possibilities in it and declared I had a big thing if I could carry it out as it should be. In fact, so great was his faith in the story that he agreed to 'stake' me until I should finish it, if I would give up my position with the *World* and set to work at once. So I came back home, got a leave of absence from the *World*, and started out West on business, doing a great deal of the writing on the Pullman, on whatever paper I could lay my hands on, even telegraph blanks if necessary. And that was the genesis of 'Eben Holden.' "

"How long did it take you to finish it?"

"Well, about five months. You see, I already had thirty thousand words written, and the other sixty thousand were simply hung on to these. Let me see, I finished it some time in the spring of '99, and it was published in July, on July 12th, if I remember rightly. Here it is," and he turned to a copy of the book in question, bearing the dates of the various impressions.

"And how long was it before it took fire?"

"Well, about five weeks later I happened to go to Boston, and then for the first time I learned that it was a success."



Then Mr. Bacheller talked about the great reading public of to-day, saying: "I think the best of the cheap magazines have done much to develop and enlarge it. There are probably five million people in America who read the best of the new books. And it is well to remember that they enjoy right thinking and high feeling. This great

public is looking upward—is climbing upward. They will have no book that does not feed this impulse to better things. And they wish to know more of their own kind and country. They have had enough of dukes and duchesses, lords and ladies, *roués*, villains, fops, degenerates; they wish to know more of the red-blooded, great-hearted, strong-armed folk of their own land. The 'million' book is not far off, but it must be clean, strong, sincere, uplifting, and American."

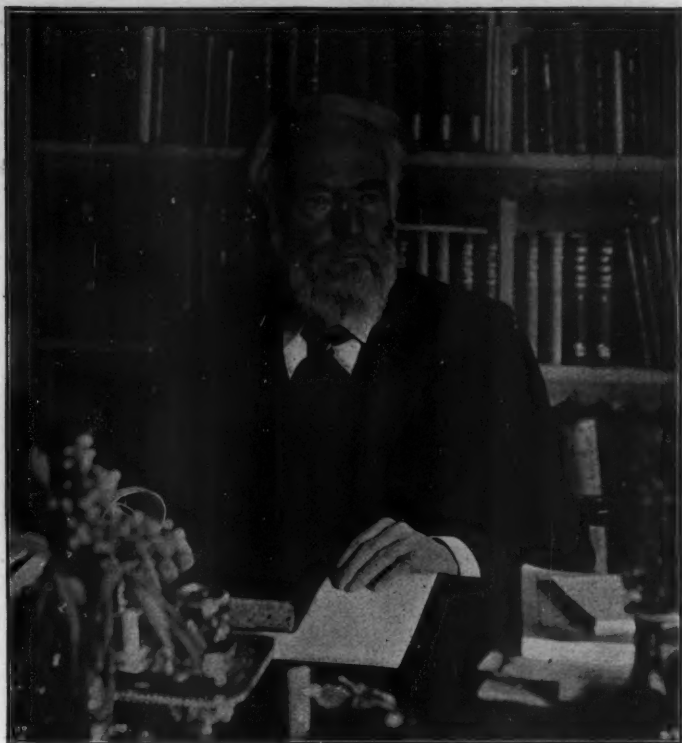


MRS. VIOLET JACOB

Mrs. Violet Jacob made her reputation with that unfortunately named novel, "The Sheep Stealers." The book was not on the list of the "best sellers," but it attracted the attention of all those who are on the lookout for real talent. Mrs. Jacob's latest novel, "The Interloper," is better named, but I doubt if it is a better book. She is a writer to be reckoned with—not one who will be read to-day and forgotten to-morrow.



One of the most entertaining books published last season was Sir Mountstuart Grant Duff's "Diary." From cover to cover it was, as Secretary Hay once said of *THE CRITIC*, "all good stuff." In a recent interview, Sir Mountstuart said that he began keeping a diary in 1847, when he was eighteen years old.



SIR MOUNTSTUART GRANT DUFF

I propose [he said] to close the Diary with the first Privy Council held by King Edward. Thus, as it begins on January 1, 1851—for I really did not utilize any earlier entries,—it will be a record extending over just half a century.

Sir Mountstuart took a thin volume bound in purple from a shelf of books behind him, and turned to the end pages of it. They already had in print an account of King Edward's first Privy Council, at which, as a member, he had been present. He mentioned that he had always had the full journal printed for his own use and then, in due course, he prepared the published issue from this private copy, cutting out such parts as were uninteresting.



Until I read Mrs. Peattie's letter in a recent copy of the *Evening Post* I had no idea that any man who ever lived could write a thousand books. In cold black ink she tells us that the late Col. Prentiss Ingraham, of Chicago, had, at the time of his death a few

weeks ago a thousand novels to his credit. Here is the record of Colonel Ingraham's literary output in condensed form:

Six hundred novels, averaging 70,000 words each—42,000,000 words.

Four hundred novelettes, averaging 10,000 words each—4,000,000 words.

Annual output, 1,353,944.

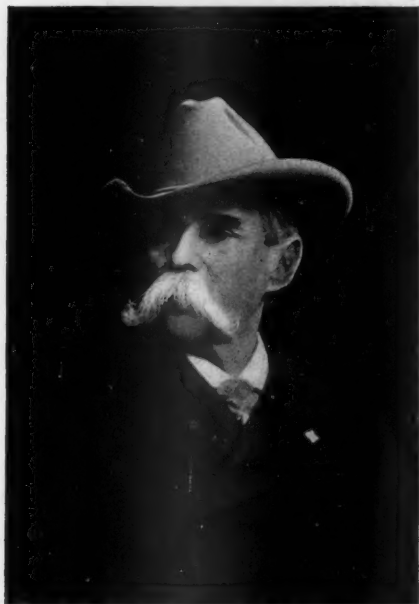
Daily output, 3,708.

Hourly output, 154.07.

Capacity per minute, every hour of the day for twenty-four hours, 2.24.

This does not include Colonel Ingraham's contributions, in prose and verse, to magazines and newspapers. This strenuous writer was also the author of several plays, one of which, "Montezuma," had a run of several years. His income at best was not more than ten thousand dollars a year,

which goes to show that productivity is not always the road to wealth. There are several popular novelists who make three times that amount in the course of a year and from the earnings of a single story. If rumor is to be credited, Mrs. Humphry Ward can multiply Colonel Ingraham's receipts by ten and even then not name her highest yearly figure.



THE LATE COL. PRENTISS INGRAHAM

Mrs. Peatie speaks of Colonel Ingraham's interesting personality. She writes:

I used to see him sometimes on the suburban train—not suspecting his thousand novels,—a tall, erect, slight, courtly man, with the slouched hat that spoke the Confederate veteran, with long coat buttoned carefully about his dignified person, and with a manner which, even in the press of city travel and among strangers, conveyed the impression of something kind, deferential, and yet proud.

Colonel Ingraham, by the way, was the son of the Rev. Joseph A. Ingraham, the author of "The Prince of the House of David," which had a "Ben

Hur" success a generation or more ago.

22

"Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch" promises to be as great a success on the stage as in book form. That amiable and optimistic lady has settled down at the Savoy Theatre after a triumphal tour through the West. The play is not above criticism as a play, but the result is a most amusing performance in which the Miss Hazey of Miss Helen Lowell and the Mr. Stubbins of Mr. William Hodge are the chief attractions. Mrs. Madge Carr Cook is acceptable as Mrs. Wiggs, and as a star would shine brighter if it were not for the unusually clever impersonations of Miss Lowell and Mr. Hodge. I suppose that the average audience demands a sentimental interest in a play no matter how far-fetched. The sentimental parts of this play would otherwise be inexcusable, but then I do not care much for the sentimental interest of the book. Mr. Bob and Miss Lucy could readily be spared from the story.

22

A young writer of my acquaintance fell ill, not long ago, as a result of staying in town all summer, and working day and night to finish two books she had undertaken to write within a given time, as well as to do an amount of literary work of a different sort, which would in itself have been enough to keep her busy throughout the hot weather, if her working hours were of normal length. After several days' prostration, she got up with the plot of a novelette in her head, and knocked off work on her other manuscripts till she had written it. In three days, on one of which she wrote uninterruptedly for fifteen hours, the story was finished and the thirty thousand words in the typewriter's hands. The odd thing about this *tour de force* is that the story itself shows no trace of the rapidity with which it was composed, but is as finished in style as if the author had given three months to its preparation.



Photo by

Byron

MRS. WIGGS AND MISS HAZEY

(Mrs. Madge Carr Cook and Miss Helen Lowell)



MISS AGNES REPLIER

Miss Agnes Repplier has written a new volume of essays. It is called "Compromises," which, by the way, is very much like the title of Colonel Watterson's recent volume,—*"Compromises of Life."* A new volume from Miss Repplier's pen is always an event of interest in the literary world, for, say what you will, there is still a public for the essay

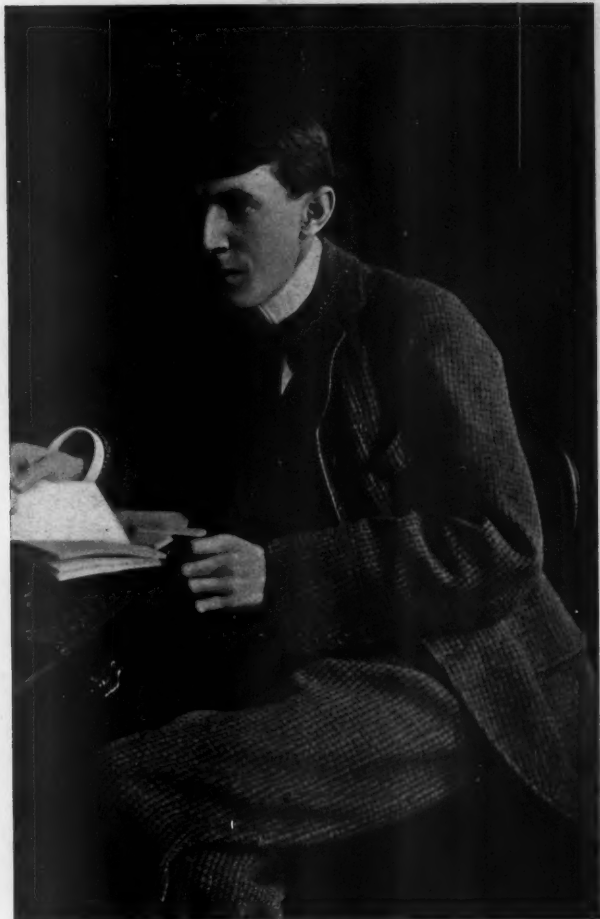
when it contains wit as well as wisdom.

✻

The memorial to Robert Louis Stevenson, the bas-relief of which a reproduction is here given, was unveiled at Edinburgh on June 27th last. We give this reproduction through the courtesy of the sculptor, Mr. Augustus Saint-Gaudens.



393 ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON  
From a bas-relief by A. Saint-Gaudens



MR. AUBREY BEARDSLEY

From his last photograph. (See page 313)

The late Dean Hole was well known in this country, which he visited some years ago as a lecturer under the management of the late Major Pond. He has been described as "the merriest and most popular dignitary in the English Church," and the English papers are filled with anecdotes of him. Three or four years ago the Dean and Mrs. Hole landed at Dover, much exhausted, after a rough Channel crossing. While waiting for the train the Dean pored over the railway regulations. "Ah," he said, addressing the station inspector, "it 's one consolation af-

ter such a crossing and this tiresome wait that we go back half-price." "I don't understand, sir," was the official's reply; "there is no special reduction." "Oh, yes, there is," said the Dean. "I've just been reading all your notices, and you state that you take returned empties at a much reduced rate."

Once when the Dean was playing whist for threepenny points, he appeared to be very well provided with threepenny-bits. "Ah," his opponent remarked, "have you the offertory with you?" "What, sir," the Dean an-

swered, "do you recognize your miserable contributions?"

22

Mr. H. B. Marriott Watson has discovered the secret of attracting attention to himself: It is by abusing American women in public places. He succeeded so well in his purpose some months ago that he is at it again in the columns of the *Nineteenth Century*. "The American woman," says Mr. Marriott Watson, "stands self-confessed as cold of heart and cool of head." I dare say that compared with the hot-blooded, impetuous English woman she is a bit cool in the region of the heart and head.

"We Americans are accustomed to have men at our feet," said an American woman to Mr. Marriott Watson. "We would not take up the position your women do for anything."

I cannot for the life of me see anything cold or even cool in this. American men have a chivalric regard for women. They are not their slaves; they are their idols. The best of everything is for them; the best of everything in England is for the man. "We English women all 'fag' for our men," I heard an English woman say, and she spoke the truth. American women expect men to "fag" for them, and they are not disappointed. Mr. Marriott Watson shows a great lack of inventiveness. Is there nothing else he can do to attain notoriety?

23

On another page will be found an interesting story signed "Anna Warner." This Anna Warner is not the one who collaborated with her sister Susan, the author of "Queechy," in writing "Dollars and Cents" and other novels that had great popularity a generation ago. The original Anna Warner, I am happy to say, still lives on her island home in the Hudson River opposite West Point. Although living a retired life and publishing no more books, Miss Anna B. Warner has hosts of friends who will never forget the pleasure her books have given them.

Mr. Ellery Sedgwick is to be congratulated on his enterprise in securing for *Leslie's Monthly* the story of Perdicaris's capture and captivity from the pen of Mr. Perdicaris himself. It is a highly entertaining account of one of the most famous of recent international episodes, and is told with just enough of picturesque detail to gratify the reader's curiosity without exhausting it. The article is fully illustrated, but lacks a likeness of Raissuli. An American friend, knowing Mr. Perdicaris to be an artist, asked him whether he had made a sketch of his captor while he was in the bandit's power, but was told that such an act would have been inconceivable. The cult of the kodak has not yet extended to the fastnesses of the Berber chiefs! Mr. Perdicaris, I hear, is relieving the monotony of his usual summer holiday in Switzerland by writing something of greater length than his magazine article—just what, it is too soon to say.

24

So Mr. George Barr McCutcheon is the "Richard P. Greaves" who wrote "Brewster's Millions." You cannot make me believe Mr. McCutcheon sat for the portrait of "Richard P. Greaves," published in this department of *THE CRITIC* at the time the book appeared. Now the question arises, Who is the young man who posed for the mythical Greaves? I hope that the author of the book had all the fun he was looking for out of this joke, but I imagine he would have had more money had he printed his own name on the title-page. The publishers say, however, that the book had an "overwhelming success" as it was, so perhaps there is not as much in a name after all.

25

Mr. Henry James has returned for a while to his native country. If Mr. James would only return, if but for a while, to his native style, how delighted we should be, but alas, he gets farther from it with every book! His next novel, "The Golden Bowl," will be published some time during the autumn by Messrs. Scribner.

# Made to Order

By ANNA WARNER

(Author of "Susan Clegg and Her Friend Mrs. Lathrop")

"WANTED: Stories full of strength and action. No description or scenery need apply."

She read it; it sounded alluring.  
Result:

## SIMPLE BUT TRUE

The car was full—too full! Everyone was smashed flat. Suddenly the car stopped! Forty people were hurled on their faces. Then it started! Sixty people fell on their backs. Then it blew up! The motor-man over-hung the trolley-wire and spoilt the connection. Then it burned up!

Out of seven hundred and thirty people six hundred and ninety-two were late to dinner. The rest either ran or took cabs.

"Wanted: Love-stories. Simple, short, sweet love-stories such as might occur in anybody's parlor. Problems and triangular situations barred."

She read it; it also sounded alluring.  
Result:


## THE SOFA AND THE CHAIR

Joseph and Julia sat on the sofa. They kissed each other forty-seven times. Then Julia had a stitch in her side and they moved to the chair, where they kissed each other ninety-six times. Then Joseph became weary of being the bottom layer in the combined construction, so they went back to the sofa, where they kissed each other one hundred and four times.

The clock now struck twelve and they felt the hour for parting was at hand. It was a trial forever fresh. Joseph began by kissing Julia sixty-five times on the sofa, and he continued by kissing her forty-three times on the rug, seventy times on the threshold,

eighty-one times with his overcoat on, twenty-nine times with his gloves on, sixty-six times with his hat on, fifteen times while he hung onto the door-knob and Julia hung onto him. Finally he sacrificed a coat-lapel and got away.

Julia carried the coat-lapel upstairs with her, kissed it seven hundred and forty-four times, and went to sleep at quarter of five ecstatically happy.

"Wanted: Stories of another age yet dealing with human nature just as it is. The mediæval. The Antique. 

She read that too; she was versatile.  
Result:

## THE AGITATED DRAWBRIDGE

The drawbridge was wavering, not because the weights were out of order but because—the baron being in bed—everything was naturally at loose ends. They had sent a page to awaken the baron, but there had been revelry the night before and the page was as shaky as the drawbridge.

Meanwhile the knight on the other side of the moat grew madder and madder. He was just from a tournament and his lady's colors still caught on his horse's tail. His iron bosom was all riveted full of German favors and the hair on his horse's chest was shabby and frayed by the straw bolster affected by tournamenting steeds.

"Odds 'n' evens!" he vociferated angrily, shaking his mailed fist in the eye of the warder who was anxiously regarding him through a latticed wicket three inches square, "if you do not forthwith raise that herse and let me in where I can say my say I shall say it right here and woe worth the day for you, for I talk low and never repeat."

The drawbridge trembled but remained coquettishly aloof.

"Slaves and varlets!" screamed the

knight, "how long must I await your pleasure?—I, who have twelve quarters to the outside of my shield and nine halves within. I'll quarter and halve the last one of you presently."

The warder removed his eye to wipe it; he was a timorous man—just the man to have the withdrawing of a drawbridge.

"By all the heads of all the Saracens whom I have seen!" cried the foaming, frothing, seething Crusader (for it was indeed he), "I——"

But he got no farther, for the baron appeared just then. He had on his kimono and paused in the fore-front of the battlements, a foot on either bastion and the Norman keep to steady himself with.

"Sir Knight," he said, seeking to detain the looser parts of the kimono in his immediate vicinity, "what want you?"

"I want Matilda!" shrieked the knight. "I want Matilda and I want her at once. I've been true to her ever since I left her and I want to know if she'll believe me when I say so."

The baron made a futile grab at the end of his sash and a gentle smile overspread his face in half relief.

"I'm so sorry," he said; "she's gone to the shore for over Sunday."

"Wanted: Tales of how the other half lives. All ages open to inspection. Try!—It may be you."

I said before that she was versatile.  
Result:

## THE CUTTER'S COT

The peasant entered his unthatched cot. He was a wood-cutter; he was also tired and very grimy as to face and hands. His wife was just winding up the spit. There was nothing spitted, but the sound was pleasant to hear.

The priest was sitting in the most comfortable corner.

"Ora pro nobis," he said agreeably to the weary, dirty man.

"Jaqueline," said the husband, "bring me water."

"There is mead," said his wife.

"I don't want to drink," moaned the peasant; "I want to wash."

"To wash!" she repeated, incredulously.

The peasant bowed his head in assent.

A strange silence filled the cramped space.

And then at last the priest rose slowly.

"Oh, Homo miserableissimisthmus!" he cried loudly. "Sancta Maria protect you from fire and from torture, for you are harboring views a thousand years in advance of your era. Nigro, nigra, nigram. Mensa, mensæ, mensæ. Have a cat, have a case, have a care."

And, hastily kissing Jaqueline, he fled the heretic's hut.

And then she sat her down to wait.

# The Biblical Play

## A New Development of the Drama

By THOMAS P. HUGHES, D.D.

THE Biblical play has been revived. The romantic religious drama has again found a place on the English and American stage, and such gorgeous scenic productions as "Parsifal," "Ben Hur," and "The Shepherd King" have attracted attention. Under the influ-

ence of Wagner's mighty harmonies we have listened to the romantic story of the Holy Grail; we have had graphic delineations of Jewish and Roman life in the days of Jesus Christ presented in General Wallace's spectacular drama of "Ben Hur"; and the beautiful story

of the simple life of the young shepherd of Bethlehem, "the man after God's own heart," who eventually sat on the throne of Israel, has been dramatically and artistically portrayed for our edification in Mr. Wright Lorimer's "Shepherd King." Nor can we omit the representation of Alfieri's "Saul," one of the masterpieces of Salvini when he visited America about twenty years ago.

Besides these four romantic dramas there have been a number of semi-religious plays placed on the American stage, founded more or less on the New-Testament narrative and the legendary history of early Christianity: "Quo Vadis" and "The Sign of the Cross," representing the persecutions of the early Church; "The Sacrament of Judas," emphasizing the indelibility of Holy Orders; "Mary of Magdala," founded on the very questionable legend of a beautiful Scripture character; and "The Christian" (an infinite improvement on the original novel), giving a graphic account of both the self-denying ministry and the romantic love of a ritualistic parson in the slums of London.

There have also been a number of plays which have given some prominence to the clerical and priestly life; "The Little Minister," "The Eternal City," "The Capitol," "The Village Parson," "The New Minister," and Mr. Clyde Fitch's clerical play with the misleading title of "Lovers' Lane." Mr. Ben Greet, with commendable enterprise and zeal, has also given us an opportunity of studying the mediæval morality play entitled "Everyman."

A very manifest change of feeling has also taken place among church people with regard to both the drama and the theatre. Ministers of religion now show no reluctance to witness plays which are known to be exceptional in their moral character. Preachers do not hesitate to endorse the higher developments of the stage. Christian congregations no longer criticise their pastors for attending the theatre. Even the Methodist Episcopal Church has found it necessary

to qualify its regulations regarding theatre-going. All this was both seriously urged and clearly foretold by a most eminent Bishop of the English Church. Thirty years ago the Right Rev. James Fraser, D.D., Lord Bishop of Manchester, England, who was for many years Commissioner of Education and published valuable reports on the educational system of the United States and Canada, defended the stage before a large concourse of clergymen assembled in the Church Congress at Sheffield, England. His eloquent oration took the vast audience by storm, as he solemnly urged the clergy of his Church to do all in their power to reform the conditions of the modern English stage. Bishop Fraser's eloquent advocacy brought about a change of feeling in the religious world regarding the theatre.

At that time the Biblical drama of "The Lord's Passion," as presented in the village of Oberammergau, attracted the thoughtful attention of the Church on both sides of the Atlantic, and created a considerable amount of literature on the religious drama. The history of this Passion Play is well known. It was established in the year 1633, condemned and suspended by the Church in 1779, revived in 1811, and has been reverently performed every ten years since. Thousands of tourists have visited the village and witnessed the play. Sermons have been preached, illustrated lectures delivered, literary articles written, which have all served to revive an interest in this Biblical play at Oberammergau. In the year 1840 a short description of it appeared in the *Art Student* of Munich. The Baroness Tautphoeus, in one of her popular novels, describes the impressions made by its representation in 1850. In *Macmillan's Magazine* Dean Stanley gave an interesting art criticism of the play as it was rendered in 1860. And in the March number of *Blackwood's Magazine* Mr. Alexander Craig Sellar wrote a graphic account of the performance which he had witnessed ten years before.

A probable result of all this has been the infusion of religious sentiment into

many modern dramatic productions, and the gradual revival of the religious and Biblical play. In connection with this subject it is both interesting and instructive to trace the history of the religious drama, its creation in the early centuries of the Church, its popularity during the mediæval age, its decline during the Renaissance when it made way for the secular dramas of Shakespeare, and now its revival under the improved histrionic conditions of the modern stage.

On the introduction of Christianity into Europe efforts were made by the Church to suppress the Greek and Roman drama. As the expansion of the Dionysiac cult it was regarded as associated with heathen worship. The great Christian father, Tertullian, A.D. 200, wrote an uncompromising treatise entitled "*De Spectaculis*," in which he held that when Christians vowed at their baptism to renounce the devil and all his works, with the pomps and vanities of the world, they virtually renounced theatre-going. And he adds that if they needed "*spectacula*" they could find them in the services of the Church,—a thought, originating as it did in the mind of one of the great fathers of the Church, that probably gave both inspiration and encouragement for the production of the liturgical play. The eloquent Chrysostom, when priest at Antioch and afterwards patriarch at Constantinople at the close of the fifth century, attacked the stage with intense vigor. In one of his sermons he complains that even in Holy Week (the week preceding Easter) the theatres were thronged and the churches empty. About that time so strong was the feeling regarding the anti-Christian character of the stage that actors were excluded from the sacrament. But the passion for dramatic art is inherent in human nature, and the clergy even in those days realized that the drama was a mirror in which may be seen the hideousness of vice and the beauty of virtue. An effort was made, acting on the suggestion of Tertullian, to make the public services of the Church dramatic in their character. There was a "*Passion*

Play" issued under the authority and sanction of Gregory, Bishop of Nazianzus, one of the four great fathers of the Eastern Church, which was frequently performed in the fourth and fifth centuries. Consequently both the literary and professional element of the stage survived the destruction of the heathen drama and was gradually, in the face of much opposition, introduced into the service of the Church.

It has been claimed that religious plays, especially those of England, may be divided into three classes: "*The Mysteries*," dealing with Scriptural subjects only; "*The Miracles*," dramatizing the legends of the saints; and "*The Moralities*," designed to teach Christian doctrines. These divisions are somewhat arbitrary. "*Mystere*" is not English at all in its dramatic sense, and in France it first appeared as "*Misterie*" in 1402. The term acquired a very general significance at the end of the fifteenth century. It would seem that the following is a more correct division:

1. "*The Liturgical Play*," in which the liturgy of the Church is embellished by dramatic art.
2. "*The Miracle Play*," giving illustrated narratives from Holy Scripture, as well as from the legends of the saints.
3. "*The Morality Play*," which is allegorical in character, aiming at doctrinal and ethical instruction.

The "*Liturgical Play*" was an effort to revive the drama in the very bosom of the Church's own ritual, of which the central and most solemn act of worship is the Eucharist. This act of divine worship was intensified in proportion as it was looked upon as an actual representation of the initial sacrifice. It was in order to give dramatic effect to this solemn act of worship that the pageant of "*Corpus Christi*" was instituted by Pope Urban IV., in 1264. The pageantry of this festival with priests and friars in their picturesque costumes and guilds and corporations in their festive robes formed a drama in itself, in which there were all kinds of pious mummeries: Adam and Eve, carrying

between them the tree of knowledge; St. John Baptist, as a herald with the banner of Christ and a lamb; Judas Iscariot, with a bag of money, and the devil following him with the gallows; with all kinds of dramatic pageantry representing the legends of the Church. It is related that St. Francis of Assisi, at Christmas, built a manger in the woods and pictured in living tableaux the nativity of Jesus with a real baby and a genuine ox and ass. On Good Friday the liturgical drama was the solemn lowering of the crucifix and placing it beneath the altar, on Easter morn the empty cross was raised with anthems of rejoicing suitable to the festival of the Resurrection. Even in the present day, in the little town of Bethlehem, the Latin congregation on Christmas Eve go to the fields of the shepherds at midnight and form a procession to the Church of the Nativity, when the priest presents the babe born in the manger to the people.

The "Miracle Play" was the natural outcome of the liturgical drama. The dramatist realized that the Bible was an intensely romantic and dramatic book, and all the leading incidents of Scripture were pressed into the drama, —the creation, the building of the ark, Abraham's sacrifice, the prologues of Prophets, etc.

The earliest production of this class was called "The Representation of Adam." It has three acts: The Fall of Adam, The Murder of Abel, and The Promised Messiah. These were not three scenes in one distinct play, but three acts which occupied three days. The play was performed outside the church, the church being used for robing. In the first act a structure was erected on a platform representing Paradise, draped with silk curtains at such a height that the angels in Paradise were visible from the shoulders. The Saviour is clothed in a dalmatic, Adam wears a red tunic, Eve a robe of white. They both stand before "The Figure of God," a term always used for the Almighty. Fragrant flowers are set around, and trees with hanging fruit. "The Figure of God," after a chant by the choir of heaven,

introduces Adam and Eve to the Garden of Eden, and then retires to the church. Adam and Eve walk about in honest delight. Meanwhile demons come on the stage and point to the forbidden fruit. The devil addresses Adam. He fails to tempt him, and with downcast countenance goes to the other side of the stage and holds counsel with the demons. He then with an insinuating manner approaches Eve. Eve, too, is hard to persuade. Eventually she lends an ear to the tempter, takes the apple, and gives it to Adam. After eating the forbidden fruit Adam recognizes his sin and humbles himself. Laying aside his tunic, he appears on the stage in a raiment of fig-leaves and in dire grief and despair chants a lamentation. "The Figure of God," wearing a chasuble and stole, enters upon the stage and finds Adam and Eve hiding in a corner. They are driven out of Paradise and a flaming sword is placed on the gate. "The Figure of God" then returns to the church. Adam comes on the stage with a spade and Eve with a hoe; they till the soil and sow corn. Meanwhile the devil comes and plants thorns and thistles. Adam and Eve beat themselves with grief and chant a weird lamentation. The devil then comes and puts fetters on the necks of Adam and Eve, and they are drawn across the stage by demons, who snatch them up with great glee and throw them into the fires of hell.

Another celebrated Biblical play was "The Acts of the Apostles." It was first performed in the old Roman amphitheatre at Bourges. Artificial camels and dromedaries are on the stage. Devils and fire-spouting monsters fly about in the air. Two tigers come up out of the earth to pursue the Apostles, and are converted into sheep. St. Barnabas is burned alive on the stage. The eyes of St. Matthew are pulled out. Simon Magus changes his face before the spectators, and at the prayer of St. Peter falls to the ground and breaks his neck. St. Paul is decapitated and his head makes three bounds, at each of which a well appears flowing with milk, blood, and water.

These and many other stage artifices show that even in those days the technical resources of the stage were not inconsiderable. It will be seen that the different sections of the scenery were all on the same stage at the same time and not changed as in the modern play.

The "Morality Play" was less coarse and more dramatic in its character than the Miracle or Biblical play; it taught great truths which the pulpit failed to teach in those days. We have only the manuscripts of a few of these plays which can be assigned to the fifteenth century, but their titles are suggestive of their moral character. For example, "The Castle of Perseverance," "Mind, Will, and Understanding," "Nature," "The Pride of Life," "Everyman." Thanks to Mr. Ben Greet, American and English audiences have had the privilege of witnessing "Everyman" in its original simplicity. It runs thus:

God's mighty messenger, "Death," summons "Everyman" to the long pilgrimage. Entreaties are of no avail. The only favor which "Death" will grant "Everyman" is that he may take on his mysterious journey such friends as are willing to bear him company. He applies first to "Good Fellowship," who is quite ready to follow him on a feast or frolic, but flees at the very mention of death. "Kindred" excuses himself as having cramp in his toe, "Riches" refuses to help him. Only "Good Deeds" is found willing to serve him, but she is crushed and helpless under the weight of "Everyman's" sins. Her sister, "Knowledge," guides "Everyman" to sacramental confession, where he is shriven from his guilt. Then it is that "Good Deeds" is able to arise and accompany "Everyman" towards the graveyard. "Beauty," "Strength," "Discretion," and "Five Wits" attend him for a time, but they each shudder at the sight of the grave and flee away. Only "Good Deeds" descends with him to the grave and thus gives him a peaceful entrance into the world to come.

A very interesting play, supposed to have been written by Stephen Langton, afterwards Archbishop of Canterbury, is "The Reconciliation of the

Heavenly Virtues." This play is suggested by the words of the eighty-fifth Psalm—"Mercy and Truth are met together, Righteousness and Peace have kissed each other." These four virtues appear as four sisters, who dispute before the throne of God regarding the fall of Adam. "Truth" and "Righteousness" attempt to convict the guilty Adam, but "Mercy" and "Peace" plead in his favor. Harmony is restored among the four sisters by the promise of the coming Christ, who will bring salvation to fallen man.

A morality play with the quaint title of "The Longer Thou Livest the More Fool Thou Art," belongs to the sixteenth century and is said to have been witnessed by Shakespeare. The miracle play was discarded in the time of good Queen Bess, who was an avowed theatre-goer, but she frequently honored the "Moralties"; which, by the way, were not always moral, for it is on record that her Majesty attended the play entitled "Faith, Hope, and Charity." "Faith" and "Hope" were so hopelessly intoxicated that "Charity" was obliged to lead them off the stage.

In England there were certain cities and towns which were noted for their religious plays, especially York, Chester, Coventry, Norwich, and Newcastle-on-Tyne, and the manuscripts of these plays are still extant to the number of 161. The reproduction of these plays at intervals was an event of intense interest. The parish guilds raised the money for what was a great and expensive enterprise. At York the innkeepers supported the play. As a rule the actors were not paid and the leading parts were taken by the clergy. As in the Greek play and in the early productions of Shakespeare's plays, the scenery was not changed. The stage was flat, in the form of a curve. There were buildings with towers and spires, with magnificent gates and pillars. Heaven and Hell were at the opposite extremities of the stage. There were flying angels, and sometimes a good-sized ship floated on a lake. In course of years advances were made in the mechanical arrangements of the stage.

Expensive costumes were supplied, although the clergy were always ready to lend their ecclesiastical garments. The costume of Christ was usually a coat of white lamb-skin with long sleeves and painted with symbolic signs.

As a rule women did not appear on the stage. But the chronicles tell us that in the play of "St. Catharine," on a certain occasion, the leading part was performed by a glazier's daughter, a young woman of great beauty and about eighteen years of age. She proved a great actress. She recited 2300 lines and did it so dramatically and pathetically that she made the audience cry, and pleased everybody, especially a rich nobleman, who fell in love with her and married the gifted actress. In a Passion Play performed in the year 1547 it is recorded that five young girls took part in the performance.

The Biblical and religious play in the Middle Ages, even at its best, represented a barbaric art unguided and untaught. The Renaissance raised the curtain and revealed the classic world in its beauty. This eventually put down the crude religious drama and prepared the way for the secular productions of William Shakespeare and his contemporaries, Burbage, Hemming, Alleyn, Lewin, and Taylor, and later on for those of Sir William Davenant, which were performed in the time of Oliver Cromwell.

But whilst Martin Luther in his day spoke a good word for the drama, the Puritans as a rule denounced it as the "pomp of the devil." William Prynne wrote a work entitled "The Player's Scourge," in which he consigned all actors to eternal damnation. Mr. Prynne atoned somewhat for his pious zeal with the loss of his ears. Even

the Jesuits, as well as their implacable rivals, the Jansenists, denounced the sinfulness of the stage, and John Calvin inflicted severe ecclesiastical penance on the playgoers. Later on the ministers of the evangelical revival at the close of the eighteenth century denounced the stage, and it is only within the last quarter of a century that ministers of religion, both Catholic and Protestant, have in any way countenanced it.

It may be truly said that from the growth of that enlightenment which is inseparable from toleration a reaction is now setting in which must tend to elevate the stage, and whilst this elevation of the drama will not depend solely on the revival of the Biblical play, still the general tendency of such magnificent productions as General Wallace's "Ben Hur" and Mr. Wright Lorimer's "Shepherd King" will attract many people inside the walls of a theatre who have hitherto regarded it as sinful to cross its threshold. One great advantage of a play of the strict Biblical character of "The Shepherd King" is its clear presentation of the romantic conditions of life in Israel during the time of Saul. In witnessing such a play the Biblical student learns more of the environments and colorings of Hebrew life in three hours than he could in a lengthened course of Biblical study, whilst the presentation of David, "the man after God's own heart," creates an ideal which brings with it the highest form of inspiration. These ideals throw around our material life the grandeur of something better, and they lift us from that which is temporal and selfish to that goodness, beauty, and truth which seem to belong to another and better world than this.

# Beardsley as a Man of Letters

By A. E. GALLATIN

## I

AUBREY BEARDSLEY'S published literary remains, consisting of an unfinished novel, two original poems, and a rendering into English of "Catullus: Carmen CI.," have recently been "collected," and with certain added matter we have the latest contribution to Beardsleyana—that vast and ever-increasing literature.\* These efforts of the artist as writer originally appeared in *The Savoy*, the luxurious quarto edited by Arthur Symons in 1896, and contributed to by the great originals of that period: the essayists, poets, and artists quaintly spoken of by contemporary chroniclers as belonging to the New Literature and the New Art. A farce written by Beardsley while a student at the Brighton Grammar School, which was performed by amateurs, does not appear to have been preserved.

Mr. Lane introduces Beardsley's writings with some recollections of the artist, whose reputation, he tells us, is steadily increasing in most of the countries of Europe and in America. Beardsley's "Table Talk" is another feature of the volume, and in it we have numerous scraps of his conversation, recalled, presumably, by people who knew him, bearing on such topics as the Impressionists, English Literature, and critical remarks on George Sand, Mendelssohn, Weber, Rossini, Pope, Shakespeare.

The illustrations to the volume include the eleven designs executed by the artist to accompany his story and poems, two other reprinted drawings, a drawing entitled *Arbuscula*, which was reproduced in a *de luxe* volume limited to thirty-five copies, and later reprinted in the December, 1902, *CRITIC*, with one of the present writer's articles, two hitherto unpublished unimportant sketches, drawings which would better have been left unpublished, and an

hitherto unpublished frontispiece design for Zola's "L'Abbé Mouret." The cover of the book is from an unfinished sketch for a cover left by the artist, and reproduced in one of the collections of his work published shortly after his death.

## II

Beardsley's unfinished story, entitled "Under the Hill," was his most ambitious contribution to letters. His projected romance, in which was to have been newly related the legend of Venus and Tannhäuser, was altered, we are told by Mr. Arthur Symons in a rather recent issue of *The Saturday Review*, owing to "some complication between publishers," and Helen and the Abbé of "Under the Hill" took their places. Several most engaging designs were made for his version of the story, however, in anticipation; one of these drawings, the design for the title-page, and such a design as has not adorned a volume since the days of Rubens and Holbein, was exhibited at the 1900 Paris Exposition. This drawing, with those for "Under the Hill," are included in the two massive volumes of the artist's work, the early and the later.

"Under the Hill," styled by its composer a "romantic novel," is a poem in prose, and in it Beardsley's imagination and extraordinary inventive faculty ran riot. It is exquisite in diction, and a really splendid piece of writing. An elaborate dedication prefaces this piece of literary composition, and it defies more specific classification, commencing with a list of the romancer's imaginary patron's virtues and accomplishments, conceived and written in quite the proper and approved fashion of the day when the Patron flourished. Beardsley farther on acquaints the eminent and reverend Prince Giulio Poldo Pezzoli of his reason for choosing him as Patron:

\*"Under the Hill, and Other Essays in Prose and Verse."  
By Aubrey Beardsley. London and New York: Lane, 1904.

Hotel  
Comptoir  
Menton

Cover, my dear Ls

is  
simply marvelous! Yes print it—  
both sides it will look gorgeous!

Blue & gold great success

Yours  
C. Beardsley

Jan 9<sup>th</sup> 1895



AUTOGRAPH LETTER FROM MR. BEARDSLEY TO THE PUBLISHER OF THE "SAVOY MAGAZINE"

I have ever held that the critical faculty is more rare than the inventive. It is a faculty your Eminence possesses in so great a degree that your praise or blame is something oracular. . . . It is a pity that so perfect a Mæcenas should have no Horace to befriend, no Georgics to accept.

This story of the "Mysterious Hill" tells us how the Abbé Fanfreluche visited Helen, how they dined on a terrace lit by four thousand candles, "not numbering those upon the tables," and how the Abbé the next morning watched Helen feed Adolphe, her pet unicorn, with its "pretty palace of green foliage and golden bars." Incidentally we are favored with a little critique of Claude, with a narration of the story of Saint Rose of Lima, a long extract from the "Mémoires of the Marquis de Vandésir,"—a marquis of whom we have never before heard,—with notes on Racine, Morales, Rossini, Dorat, and with several paragraphs discussing the genius of Wagner, including a plea that operas should be performed in the morning,—“when your brain and heart are not too troubled and tired with the secular influences of the growing day.”

Beardsley's two original poems are

entitled "The Three Musicians" and "The Ballad of a Barber": the former consisting of eight stanzas, the latter of seventeen. Both are clever and diverting, in addition to being sufficiently well turned, but his translation from Catullus, which we append, is a much superior performance than either.

#### CATULLUS

##### CARMEN CI

By ways remote and distant waters sped,  
Brother, to thy sad grave-side am I come,  
That I may give the last gifts to the dead,  
And vainly parley with thine ashes dumb:  
Since she who now bestows and now denies  
Hath ta'en thee, hapless brother, from mine eyes.

But lo! these gifts, the heirlooms of past years,  
Are made sad things to grace thy coffin shell;  
Take them, all drenched with a brother's tears,  
And, brother, for all time, hail and farewell!

#### III

The volume under consideration also contains quotations of criticisms which appeared in three London newspapers anent Beardsley's work, and letters written by Beardsley to the *Pall Mall Budget* and the *Daily Chronicle* in reply.

Together they form quite a miniature "Gentle Art of Making Enemies," the author of which was another artist who frequently turned amateur in the domain of letters. In addition to these two letters of Beardsley's, Mr. Lane states that he hopes to publish a whole volume of the artist's letters at a later date, and certainly this would be worth doing, if I may judge from several dozen of them, addressed to one of his publishers, which I have in my possession. With one of these letters we bring this brief article to a close, and a note of his we reproduce in facsimile, —letters written three months and two months, respectively, before his immature death. The latter is enlivened with a slight sketch, as are many of the letters, while several of them are adorned with highly finished and very interesting drawings.

HOTEL COSMOPOLITAN,  
MENTON, Dec. 26th. [1897]

MY DEAR SMITHERS:

The Racines surprised and delighted me. I sit and muse that lovely maroquin. How charming of you to send me such a lovely gift. Thank you by the way, very much for having given the little Rapelets\* to Mabel.† She was most grateful for them.

Proof of Volpone drawings arrived. Both blocks are quite good, that is supposing that a few faintnesses in the large picture are owing to printing only. (The hair in places, and the lines about the shoulder have suffered a little in my proof.) The whole thing of course looks beastly grey and cold on Naumann's shiny paper. For the Prospectus I want you to use a *soft paper with plenty of warmth in it, so that the drawing may look as rich and velvety as possible*. Something similar to that used for the Morte d'Arthur would do. As to the little reproduction of cover, 't is a failure. The masses of white look empty and meaningless and the whole gives a bad idea of the cover. Please don't use it

in the Prospectus. You could use it for the catalogue and would be useful later in an inevitable tiny edition of Volpone. I see that 11 ins. x 8½ ins. are the dimensions of the large block. You gave me the same measurements for size of page of the book. I suppose however you are making the sheet of Prospectus a good deal larger than sheet of book. That of course matters not. I yearn for a sight of the wording. I wonder if you were able to make any use of my glowing periods.\*

If you have not already sent me the lady and the monkey do not do so as it will be quite out of keeping with the rest of the initials.\*

As to the Peacock, do you not think that the question of who *shall* write for it is far more important than the question of who *shall not*? Unless you have piles of stuff up your editorial sleeves, No. 1 could never be got ready by April 1st. But of this more anon. The thing must be edited with a savage strictness, and very definite ideas about everything get aired in it. Let us give birth to no more little backboneless babies. A little well directed talent is in a periodical infinitely more effective than any amount of sporadic and desultory genius (especially when there is no genius to be got).

On the art side, I suggest that it should attack *untiringly and unflinchingly* the Burne-Jones and Morrisian mediæval business, and set up a wholesome 17th and 18th century standard of what picture making should be.

On the literary side, impressionistic criticism and poetry and cheap short storyness should be gone for. I think the critical element should be paramount.

Let verse be printed very sparingly. I am anxious to see what O'Sullivan is made of in the prefatory line. He tells me he is at work on Volpone. I should advise you to let Gilbert Burgess do occasional things for us. Try to get together a staff. Oh for a Jeffreys or a Giffon, or anybody with something to say.

Have you settled definitely on calling it the Peacock?

As a title I rather fancy "Books & Pictures."

In haste,

Always

AUBREY BEARDSLEY.

\* Pope's "Rape of the Lock," illustrated by Beardsley.

† The artist's sister.

\* Published, with other drawings, as an illustration to Gautier's "Mlle. de Maupin."

# An Early American Farmer

By FRANCES DUNCAN

IT was a blessed inspiration of Professor Trent's which Messrs. Fox, Duffield, & Company have bodied forth in this reprint of the "Letters from an American Farmer,"\* a book which delighted Hazlitt and Charles Lamb more than a century ago.

The present volume in its decorous garb of Quaker brown is reprinted from the rare edition of 1782, and is edited by Mr. Lewisohn, who also contributes an admirable introduction.

We have enough and to spare of Nature books; a few good, some bad, many indifferent, though all of them are clutched at alike by a nerve-worn public, hopeful of getting even by proxy a whiff of the salt breeze, a sense of the mountains, or even the sight of a grasshopper; yet much of this "back-to-Nature" writing of ours seems like the merest vaudeville representation—as sounding brass or a tinkling cymbal beside the blessed simplicity and restfulness of this quaint old book of Crèvecoeur's. Not only is the noise of the world excluded, there even seems to be no other world beyond the broad-spreading peacefulness that pervades the book.

The introductory Letter discusses the qualifications of our supposedly unlearned "Farmer" for writing to the "friend in England" of American life, and in this connection Mme. Crèvecoeur (*née* Mahetable Teflet of Yonkers) remarks admirably on the subject of literary ability:

The first thing, James, is to know what sort of materials thee hast within thy own self, and then, whether thee canst dish them up. [And on further discussion]—If thee persistest in being such a fool-hardy man, said my wife, for God's sake let it be kept a profound secret amongst us. . . . I would not have thee, James, pass for what the world calleth a writer; no, not for a peck of gold, as the saying is. Thy father before thee was a plain dealing honest man . . . I wonder from whence thee

hast got this love for the pen? . . . If this scheme of thine was once known, travellers as they go along would point out to our house, saying, here liveth the scribbling farmer.

But, in spite of these dire predictions, the first letter follows "On the Situation, Feelings, and Pleasures of an American Farmer," and not even Gilbert White wrote more intimately of the little republics that made up his farm than this French-American farmer. There is something refreshing in his frank content with the simplest, most elemental happiness, the unaffectedness of his man's joy in his wife, his child, his home, in the ploughing of the brown old earth; while, in his keen and affectionate interest in bee and bird and four-footed creature, Crèvecoeur is at once poet and naturalist and child. He goes even farther than Mr. James Lane Allen in winter kindness to birds.

Often in the angles of the fences where the motion of the wind prevents the snow from settling, I carry them both chaff and grain; the one to feed them, the other to prevent their tender feet from freezing fast to the earth as I have frequently observed them to do. I do not know an instance in which the singular barbarity of man is so strongly delineated as in the catching and murdering those harmless birds, at that cruel season of the year.

In these days, when Nature Study has become a fad, and when, set on by How-to-Know books, beast and bird and tree and flower are pursued with a zeal and a vigilant determination which somehow suggest the forceful and admirable industry of Mrs. Lecks and Mrs. Aleshine, it is amusing to note Crèvecoeur's attitude; he speaks deprecatingly of his "simple observations" as "requiring no study for they are obvious." None the less in all these "simple observations" there is shown a directness, a deftness in seizing a salient point which would have pleased Charles Darwin; it is what Huxley called the "dumb sagacity" of the born naturalist. This, for instance, on wild pigeons; Crèvecoeur is speaking of the contents

\* "Letters from an American Farmer." By J. Hector St. John Crèvecoeur. With a Prefatory Note by W. P. Trent, and an Introduction by Ludwig Lewisohn. Fox, Duffield & Co.

of their craws, and notes: "In one of them last year, I found some undigested rice. Now the nearest rice fields from where I live must be at least 560 miles; and either their digestion must be suspended while they are flying or else they must fly with the celerity of the wind." In the chapter "On Snakes and on the Humming Bird," there is a remarkable description of a combat between two snakes; it is vivid, forcible, intensely realistic, but there is no trace of effort, no hint of writing for effect; he simply wrote what he saw—and it is admirably done.

Although the poet-naturalist is perhaps Crèvecoeur's most attractive side, the letters on Nantucket, its manners and customs, are quaintly interesting. The men, of course, were absent most of the time on long whaling trips, and the prosperity of the inhabitants was chiefly due to their excellent practice of leaving the entire management of affairs in the hands of their respective wives. "The richest person in the island owes all his present prosperity and success to the ingenuity of his wife. . . . Who is he in this country, and who is a citizen of Nantucket or Boston who does not know *Aunt Kesiah!*" demands M. Crèvecoeur, enthusiastically.

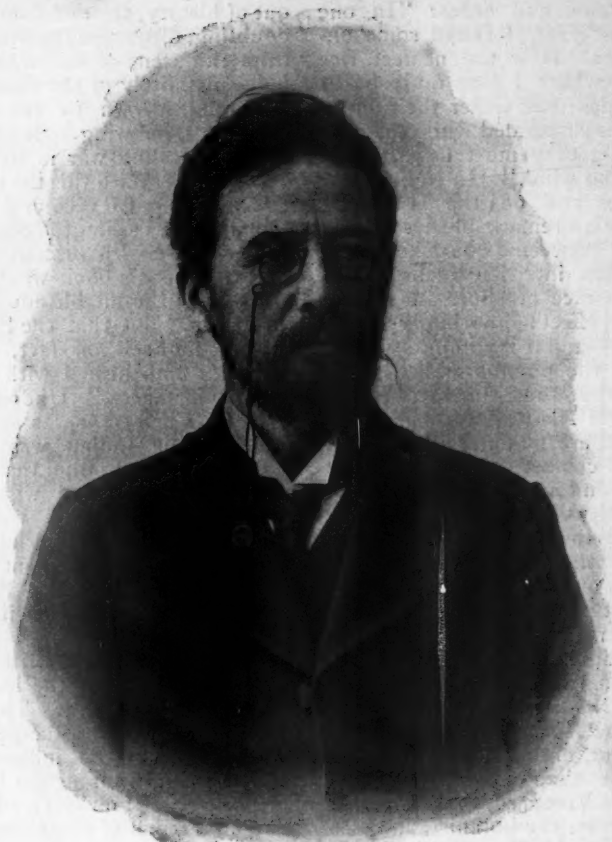
Beside the chapters on Nantucket and Martha's Vineyard, there is a visit to John Bertram the botanist, and also a visit to "Charles-Town" (S. C.), in which letter Crèvecoeur writes of negro slavery with all the Quaker's horror of it.

The twelfth letter is striking and wholly different from the rest of the book. The war has begun; the idyllic farming days are past; and in the "Distresses of a Frontier Man," Crèvecoeur pictures vividly the man usually left

out of history, the non-combatant; the doubting, distracted individual, too far from the scene of action to be able to judge definitely of the cause, its right or wrong, drawn by his sympathies both ways, knowing little of the issues, but only feeling war in its havoc and desolation. With this the book closes.

Concerning Crèvecoeur's portrait of colonial life, Washington observed, tempering praise with discretion, that the French consul's book would "afford a great deal of profitable and amusing information," but that the "picture, although founded on fact, is in some instances embellished with too flattering circumstances." Undoubtedly this is true. Crèvecoeur was an idealist, a dreamer; his Indian was the Atala of Chateaubriand rather than the actual savage of forest and wigwam; (the farmers of the period were not all Crèvecoeurs, nor had they his faculty of winning intense enjoyment out of the commonest duties;) the America he depicted was the ideal as it existed in the minds of a few rather than the actual conditions in the British colonies, but his book is none the less valuable as a historic document. The influence of the realist is in no danger of being underrated, but the influence of the idealist if more intangible is none the less positive. If realism made the English and French of the eighteenth and seventeenth centuries revolt from the conditions of life in the Old World, it was idealism which set their faces toward the New; it was idealism which, in the new country, kept men from turning back after the hand was put to the plough. If the life of the past is of use to us, the ideals of the past are also of use.





THE LATE ANTON CHEKHOV  
(From a photograph by Zdobnov, St. Petersburg)

## Anton Chekhov

By CHRISTIAN BRINTON

*The Student remembered that when he left the house his mother sat in the hall, barefooted, and cleaned the samovar; and his father lay upon the stove and coughed; and because it was Good Friday nothing was being cooked at home, though he was tortured with desire to eat. And now, shivering with cold, the Student reflected that just the same icy wind blew in the reign of Rurik, in the reign of Ivan the Terrible, and in the reign of Peter the Great; and that there was just the same gnawing hunger and poverty, just the same dilapidated thatched roofs, just the same ignorance, the same boredom with life, the same desert around, the same darkness within, the same sense of oppression,—that all these terrors were and are and will be, and that, though a thousand years roll by, life can never be any better.*

QUIETLY, without comment save in the Continental press, the greatest Russian novelist of the younger generation has just passed away at Badenweiler, in Germany. Anton Chekhov had been a sufferer for years. All his life he sought health and happiness but never

knew either except fitfully. Like Nadsohn and so many ardent fellow spirits he was a victim of the white plague, and the lingering end he faced with subdued, yet heroic fatalism. The picturesque and pathetic pageant of Russian letters shows no figure com-

parable to Chekhov. He recorded life with a mocking tenderness, a mixture of satire and sadness, which has no parallel in the literature of his own, nor of any country. Those who indulge in definitions call him a pessimist. In point of fact, he never took sides, never passed judgment. The rest might preach, he wished only to paint. If his palette was grey, if the monotony of the steppe, the disillusion and disenchantment of the Russian soul colored his canvas, it is because they were factors in contemporary life. Chekhov always remained resolutely true to conditions around him. He scorned on one hand the poetic humanity of Korolenko and on the other the rebellious outbursts of Gorky. He smiled at times, but never wept nor cried aloud.

This thoughtful, retiring man, who ranks beside the supreme masters of fiction, beside Turgenev and Maupassant, was born in 1860, the son of a serf. On completing his studies at the College of Taganrog he entered the University of Moscow and was graduated a doctor of medicine. He did not, however, remain long in active practice. The misery and pain which he found on every side, the hallucination and hypochondria, seemed to call for a prophet as well as for a physician. Like Dostoyevsky, he felt impelled to show the world wounds he was powerless to heal,—the wounds of suffering humankind. The pen, not the scalpel, was his true instrument. Perhaps in the way of relief, he first began contributing humorous stories and sketches to such papers as *Strekoz* and *Oskolki* and later to the *Novoe Vremya* and the *St. Petersburg Gazette*. They showed the delicate, scrupulous touch of a miniaturist, but in "The Steppe" which followed shortly, he proved himself a penetrating analyst and a descriptive writer of surpassing truth and lyric beauty. The method was somewhat that of Turgenev, but the shifting panorama of the steppe seen through little Yegorushka's eyes as he bounced along in the *britchka* had never been interpreted with such charm, verity, and poetic intuition.

With "Ward No. 6," his most powerful tale, and "Ivanov," his first play, which was produced in 1889, Chekhov became a figure of national significance. Leading critics, notably the implacable Michailovsky, declined to find in his work that social purpose, that unifying idea, so essential to Russian fiction. These dogmatic gentlemen were incapable of seeing beyond their noses. Beneath what to them seemed casual, inconsequent detail, lay in each of Chekhov's stories a deep, sustained fidelity to actual issues and tendencies. It is not those who prate or lament, but those who look at life with calm clairvoyance that learn the meaning of life. Others told what Russia should be, Chekhov told what Russia was and is. The one-time physician knew that diagnosis comes before prescription. The conditions which confronted Chekhov were not the heroic conditions which made fervent, majestic apostles of Dostoyevsky, Goncharov, Turgenev, and Tolstoy. The tide of humanitarianism that followed the liberation of the serfs was at its ebb when Chekhov attained maturity. All around him was inertia and indifferentism. Exalted dreams of freedom and tolerance had been shattered by the reactionary policy of Alexander III. and the iron rigor of von Plehve. With handcuffs and the scissors of the censor, Russia bruised the wrists or clipped the spirit wings of her eager, striving children. The Russian soul sank once again into a troubled, suffocating stupor. Night seemed longer, the dawn of a new day seemed still more distant.

It was the man and woman of this particular period that Chekhov transferred to his pages, that he set forth with such unflinching candor in "A Dull Story," "Neighbors," "The Peasants," and "A Duel," and in those beautiful yet disquieting plays, "Uncle Vania," "The Gull," "Three Sisters," and "The Cherry Orchard." The critics still persisted in calling his viewpoint narrow, and his vision distorted, but the public proved more open-minded. With Russian keenness for reality, for the truth no matter how it may sting or scourge,

they recognized the inflexible accuracy of these pictures of life in town or country, in hospital or in hut. Once his aim became clear, Chekhov was no longer considered an enemy of the people, but welcomed as one who understood that which tortured and tormented, which blinded and which kept back. In nearly every instance his leading characters are the victims of social, political, and economic stagnation. Like Likharyov in "On the Way," they begin with high enthusiasms only to end in pathetic nothingness. Ragin, Ivashin, and Serebriakov are all brothers in incapacity and infirmity of purpose. The women are nobler, their lives are often illumined by the pallid beauty of self-sacrifice, but they, too, avail little.

In these calm, searching pages Chekhov depicts not the petty shift of fate or change of fortune, but that bitterest of all tragedies, the gradual loss of illusion. Hope crumbles, the will weakens, health slips away, and into the heart creeps the insidious solace of non-resistance. Often, toward the end, naught remains but the futile expiation of self-torture or suicide, or the oblivion of insanity. The sum total of all this misery and stupidity Chekhov lays by subtle inference at the door of the Russian System. The individual he never condemns. It is society in the broadest sense of the term that he indicts. These haggard, wild-eyed men and these weary, baffled women merely reflect national conditions, merely succumb to the national malady. So flawless is Chekhov's exposition that though a moralist he never betrays his purpose. He believed that if the facts of life are only placed in proper relation and sequence the conclusion will be inevitable. His appeal, if it may even be called an appeal, was addressed to sound judgment, not to over-wrought sympathy.

Yet this man was no dull, drab realist. Seldom, in the telling of any story did he fail to reveal the facets of an iridescent wit or to offer fresh and vital glimpses of nature and character. Like all great castigators of society, like Aristophanes and Juvenal, like

Molière, Cervantes, and Gogol, Chekhov was essentially a humorist. Because he struck deep, he knew that laughter and tears are curiously blended, are never far apart. Rashevitch, in "At the Manor," whose inflated egotism drives away his daughter's one available suitor, is a disastrous yet comic blunderer. In sketches such as "The Friars," humor flashes only in the last line, the last word almost, but it rarely fails to assert its presence. So specific is Chekhov's observation and so acute is his analysis, that all his stories seem to be inevitably true. They carry conviction not by capturing the imagination as with Poe and the fantasists, but through creating the definite illusion of reality.

Though pitifully poor at the outset, the latter years of Chekhov's career were crowned with success, a success always, however, clouded by suffering. He married, some five years ago, Olga Knipper of the Théâtre Libre, Moscow, a radiant blonde, with a tender, haunting voice, and leased a villa at Yalta, on the Black Sea, for he was compelled to seek a milder climate. There, month after month, he clung to life with pathetic persistence. He was in the habit of going to Moscow occasionally to see his plays, but when he became too weak for the journey Stanislavsky would send the company to Sevastopol. He never, indeed, went about much, and never quite overcame a certain diffidence due, in part, to his humble origin. His manner was modest, almost shy, though when he talked his conversation was witty and spiritual, and his eyes were always filled with a gentle, searching scrutiny. The villa, with its windows looking toward the blue waters, was simply furnished. He lived quietly among books, the days brightened now and then by the presence of a wife who would come down from Moscow when not playing, for their understanding was that she should remain on the stage. Near him for a while at Yalta were Tolstoy and Gorky, both seeking health, which they found, and which he could not,—not in Russia, nor in Germany, nor anywhere in the world.



AN EARLY PHOTOGRAPH OF LAURENCE HUTTON

## The Literary Life

### II.

By LAURENCE HUTTON

THE next appearance in print was more successful; it was even a little remunerative, and it settled the whole course of my life. I had gone, in the seventies some time, to Booth's Theatre, to see the return of the Boucicaults to the New York stage, after a long absence. They played "Jessie Brown; or, The Siege of Lucknow," a drama which had stirred up all the young Scottish blood in New York to a remarkable extent, when it was originally produced at Wallack's in the early sixties. Many of the members of the original cast were dead. But I set down in a thousand or two thousand

words all that would be remembered of the original production, and the article was carried to the *Evening Mail*. It was accepted, and printed and paid for, at the rate of seven dollars a column! It was quoted and copied and talked about; and the author was asked for more in the same line. And so I stubbed my toe, as it were, and fell into the arms of a daily journal. The paper was followed by a long, scattering, irregular series of "Recollections of the Stage, by a Young Veteran," for which latter expression I was severely censured, on the ground that a veteran must be a man old in years;

which is not true, for there were veteran drummer-boys among my acquaintances then, who had served in the Civil War, who were recognized as veterans, and who were younger than I.

The subject-matter selected always related to some current play or event of dramatic interest, the article stating what "The Young Veteran" knew, or had seen, or had read, concerning similar events or plays in the palmy days of the past. If "The School for Scandal" was reviewed, the story of the comedy from its beginning was told: who wrote it; how, and when; where it was first produced, in England and America; how this man played Joseph, how that man played Charles. When Miss Cushman retired, "Last Appearances" was the theme; when Miss Bijou Heron made her *début*, "First Appearances" was talked about, and the "Infant Phenomena." And when poor Montague received his death-stroke upon the stage, in San Francisco, I dwelt in a reminiscent way upon similar tragedies in real life.

The articles were favorably noticed, except by the actors and actresses who

were not noticed themselves; and among the personal letters "The Young Veteran" received upon the subject of reprinting them in book-form, was one signed by J. Brander Matthews, who then had never heard "The Young Veteran's" real name; although it has had a familiar, and I am sure not an unpleasant sound, in his ears, for more than a quarter of a century since. The book was printed at the author's expense. The edition was limited to five hundred copies, all of which were sold. And the author lost nothing in cost, and not much in reputation, by the transaction. The title of the work is "Plays and Players"; and rather entertaining is the confusion the name caused in the mind of a Scottish clergyman, who wrote that he was glad to think that his friend had turned his thoughts from the affairs of the theatre to more serious things; and that he hoped soon to read the new book on "Praise and Prayer"!

One of the most serious of the trials of an author is the selection of the proper and the "taking" title for an article or a book. "Plays, Players, and Play Houses," is the sub-title of Doran's "Annals of the English Stage." Upon this hint I let my 'prentice work speak, and its name, in a way, helped the sale of it, and struck the public eye and interest. "The Literary Landmarks of London" appealed to me because of its alliterative latitude, and the series of "Literary Landmarks" naturally followed. "The Curiosities of the American Stage" was an accident. It was so named because it was to be the companion volume to a series of papers which I intended to call "The Curiosities of Books"; but it appeared before "The Curiosities of Books," which never appeared at all. The "Book" papers were split up into two little books, companions to each other, and known as "From the Books of Laurence Hutton" and "Other Times and Other Seasons." The name of the latter of these expresses fairly well its contents, a collection of papers upon Golf, April-Fooling, Tennis, Christmas Pastimes, Foot-ball, the Feast of St. Valentine, Boat Races,



DION BOUCICAULT  
(As Conn in "The Shaughraun")

and the like, as they were evolved and existed in the days gone by; but the former is a mistake and a misnomer. The volume opens with a chapter upon "American Book-Plates"—*Ex Libris*—the parent article, by the way, of a subject which has since developed in this country a library of its own; and it is devoted to what was considered at the time to be the out-of-the-way and the interesting things, personal and otherwise, which were contained in the books in my own possession, "Poetical Inscriptions," "Personal Inscriptions," "Poetical Dedications," and the like. I intended its title to be "Ex Libris Laurence Hutton," but I was told that very few persons knew what "Ex Libris" meant, and that a book under a foreign name, or an unfamiliar name, is a dangerous experiment. This was long before the days of the great success of "Quo Vadis"; so I put my "*Ex Libris*" into English, and called it "From the Books of"; thereby misleading those who never read it—and they, naturally, are very many—into the idea that its contents are "From the Books" I myself have written, not "From the Books" of other and better men, which I chanced to own or to have known. And the author is still regarded by press, public, and even by personal friends, as one of the most self-conscious and the most self-advertising of men.

"Portraits in Plaster" was an inspiration. The articles upon which the volume was based had appeared in *Harper's Magazine* as "A Collection of Death Masks," notwithstanding the fact that a number of them are Masks from Nature—before death. "A Collection of Masks from Life and Death" was considered too long and too cumbersome, even for a quarto, or a folio; and the title would not have been what is termed "taking," or easy of notice. For many months, therefore, a better name was earnestly looked for. Mr. Stedman, Mr. Warner, Mr. Matthews, Mr. Bunner, were asked their advice; and many and kindly were the titles suggested; as "Masks and Faces," by Mr. Warner; but that had been preempted by Charles Reade and Dion



CHARLOTTE CUSHMAN

Boucicault, in their famous comedy, already printed, and copyrighted, in book-form. Bunner gave "Old Mortality's Matrix." Mr. Stedman suggested "The New Mask of Death"; Mr. Matthews, "The Mask of Fashion and the Mould of Form"; and other literary friends gave other titles equally happy, but, so it seemed to the publishers, equally impossible. "The New Mask of Death" liked me best; but I was told that the general reader would not read about death in any shape or in any form, if he could help it; and that had to be set aside.

The work was in print, in galley proofs, announced as "forthcoming," before it had a name at all. When a name was absolutely necessary, the matter was laid before Mr. J. Henry Harper, who, without seeming to give it any particular thought, said: "They are all plaster casts, ar'n't they? And they are all portraits, ar'n't they? You like alliterative titles, don't you? What is the matter with 'Portraits in Plaster'?" And "Portraits in Plaster" it was, and is!



HARRY MONTAGUE

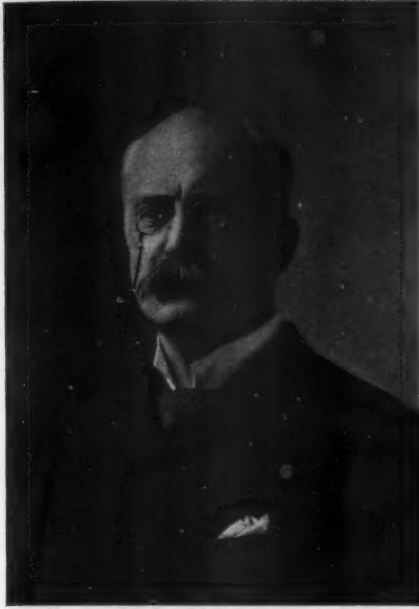
A good title is so essential that men have been known to copyright titles,\* and then, some day, perhaps, to write books to fit them. The nomenclature of fiction does not seem to be so difficult as is that of more serious works. It is easy to name a novel after its hero, as "David Copperfield," or after its heroine, as "Margery Daw"; or after a place, as "The Exiles of Siberia"; or after an incident, as "A Terrible Temptation"; or after some personal characteristic, as "The Woman in White" or "The Man Who Was." Shakespeare, happy in everything, was happy in his titles, as "The Comedy of Errors" and "As You Like It"; and Mr. Howells has found happy titles in Shakespeare's phrases, as "A Foregone Conclusion," "A Woman's Reason," and "A Chance Acquaintance." The simplest thing of all is some familiar quotation or striking line from prose or verse. "Ships that Pass in the Night" did not a little to popularize a one-time popular story, and "Red as a Rose is She," and "Cometh up as a Flower"

\* That is, to enter titles for copyright, a measure which fails to secure, under the American statutes, any control of such title.—E. P. ROR.

were titles not without good effect upon the novel-reading mind. Gray's "Elegy" is peculiarly rich in this respect, and an entire series of names might be evolved from the first stanza of the poem alone. "The Knell of Parting Day" would be a proper sequel to "The Curfew Tolls"; "The Lowing Herds" could readily follow "O'er the Lea"; while "The Ploughman" could easily figure in "Homeward Plods" or in "His Weary Way." I have no copyright on these; they would fit almost every plot, and they are freely and cordially offered to any of my hearers, or my readers, who have unnamed tales in their heads!

Next to "Vanity Fair," perhaps the happiest title of the present century is borne by a volume not so generally known as it ought to be, and written by Oliver Wendell Holmes. A number of his clever essays, contributed from time to time to a famous magazine of Boston, were collected together and given to the world as "Soundings from the Atlantic"! The play upon words is worthy of the gentle monologist of the Breakfast-Table; but some of those carping local critics of his, who were fond of telling us that "Wendell Holmes was not half so bright and witty as was his brother John," went so far as to say that the Autocrat gave "The Atlantic" its name for the sake of having a good name for his book!

The connection with the *Mail*, slight as it was, brought The Young Veteran into contact, naturally, with the members of its regular staff, including such men as Major J. M. Bundy, the Managing Editor, R. R. Bowker, the Literary Editor, and Bronson Howard, the Dramatic Critic; and he began, by degrees, to write for the paper all sorts of things upon all sorts of subjects. He attended important "first nights" at the theatres, noticed books, collected local items, went to fires, and once assisted in the invention of a peculiarly horrible murder. "A stickful" was wanted by the composers. "A stickful" is the shop-name for as much of type as can be contained in a "composing-stick." It varies, naturally, in quantity of words, according to the size of the type; but



BRONSON HOWARD

in space it measures a little more than the length of the palm of a man's hand. Nothing was ready; nobody had a stickful of poetry, literary news, or of anything else; and the murder was devised and invented. Each man contributed some item; and Bundy wrote it all out. The extreme suburbs of Hoboken, New Jersey, were selected as the place; the time was the early morning of that very day; the victim was a hard-working, harmless, worthy wife and mother; the perpetrator was a burly, brutal German called Isaac Ousenblatt. Of course the whole thing was what is called "a fake." There was no murder, there was no victim, there was no Isaac Ousenblatt. But the "Ousenblatt Murder" was reported in the journals of the next morning; its horrors were intensified; it was telegraphed all over the country; and it even came back to America in the "exchanges" from the other-side Atlantic. So far as the *Mail* knew, the story was never contradicted nor denied. And it has entirely destroyed my own personal belief in anything

contained in the papers, no matter what the color of the paper may be.

The next important "fake," perpetrated was an elaborate operatic criticism. I was "assigned" seats at the Academy of Music, the historical old building on Fourteenth Street and Irving Place. It was to be an ordinary performance, and the ordinary "stickful" was requested; a list of the notables present rather than any comment upon the performance or the performers. When I arrived at the door I was saluted by placards stating that the prima donna had the traditional sore throat, that the bill was changed, and that Signorina Somebody would make her first appearance upon the lyric stage. The semi-importance of the occasion was recognized, and the fact that it would give the reporter a chance, perhaps, to get ahead of the other men. An elaborate "Book of the Opera" was bought, score and all. I did not understand a word or a note of it, but that made no difference. I haunted the lobbies, picking up an idea here and there; besieged my musical friends in the stalls and in the boxes for their impressions; wormed some sort of a biography of the young *débütante* from a friend of her father; and set down certain technical phrases, as



JOHN GILBERT



EDWIN BOOTH

"the second number," "sympsonetic," "variety and mastery of expression," "leading themes," "artistic simplicity." I remember saying that "she was a little sharp at the pitch in the beginning, but that she soon overcame the tendency,"—whatever that means,—and the result was half a column of sapient wisdom upon a subject concerning which the writer was, and still is, absolutely and helplessly ignorant. It is recorded that the *débutante*—this was her first and only appearance in anything like a leading part—bought many copies of that evening's paper to send to her friends; and that she still preserves it in her scrap-book, as the most appreciative and intelligent criticism she ever received.

Such is modern journalism!

*Apropos* of this it must be confessed that one of the most exhaustive and most comprehensive dramatic notices ever produced was written by my successor on the paper, a young college-

graduate who had never seen the play before—the play was "Hamlet," and Booth was the Dane—and who had never even read it, except in a fragmentary way, as it appears in Bartlett's volume of "Familiar Quotations." Booth did not preserve the criticism. It is doubtful if he read it; but the "juvenile" who played Osrice, and the "old comedian" who played Polonius said, afterwards, that "the new man understood his business, and knew what he was about!" The new man later went on to a morning paper, and wrote an elaborate notice of a performance which never took place. This brought his career as dramatic critic to an abrupt conclusion. But he was subsequently very successful as a critic on Art and as the "Horse Editor" of a daily paper in Boston. And he died, literally in harness, years ago.

In my own notices of current dramatic productions, more attention was paid to the new players than to the old; and I have given to not a few men and women now standing on high ground in their profession the first words of praise they ever received in print. There was nothing to be written about Wallack's Young Marlow, or Gilbert's Old Hardcastle; about Booth's Hamlet or David Anderson's Ghost; but it is pleasant to think that I saw a good deal of promise in the Diggory of Mr. E. M. Holland, and in the Second Grave Digger of Mr. Owen Fawcett, and said so, long before any other critic thought them worthy of a line or a word. The merits and the great possibilities of Miss Clara Morris were recognized when she first appeared in a comparatively unimportant part; and when the almost unknown Mrs. G. H. Gilbert played Hester Dethridge in a dramatization of "Man and Wife," I prophesied that there had come to us one of the "best old women" the Am-



CLARA MORRIS

erican stage has ever known. That the forecast was right Mrs. Gilbert in a personal and in a professional way has since most emphatically proved. The good in play and player was looked for rather than the bad. The desire was to encourage rather than to dishearten—it is much easier to censure than to commend—and except in cases of indefensible incompetence, indifference, or indecency, silence was maintained rather than damnation or condemnation. This may not be the essence of criticism, but it is the spirit of the moral law!

During those *Mail* days I became a man of comparative leisure. Somewhat broken in health, after bearing the burden of that dreadful load of hops, the father's untimely death had left me modestly, but comfortably, independent in the matter of income; with time on hand to write a little, and to read a great deal. I realized how seriously I had neglected my opportunities in my school-days, and I tried to make up for it by reading everything of a serious nature which came within reach. I had an omnivorous taste; but history, biography, and

autobiography, as having man for a subject, were felt to be the proper study of an ignorant member of the grown mankind. "Plutarch's Lives" was the opening chorus; Johnson's "Lives of the Poets"; Pepys; Boswell's "Johnson"; Crabb Robinson; Lockhart's "Scott"; Cumberland's "Memoirs"; Madame D'Arblay; Talfourd's "Lamb"; Moore's "Byron," and the like, followed, in due course; and thereby was made the acquaintance, more or less familiar, of men worth knowing, and of books worth reading.

It is hoped, and believed, that profit came from the friendships gained, and from the information acquired.

The mother and son went abroad every summer, making London their centre of travel, and seeing something new of the British Isles and of the Continent each year. One season it was the English and the Scottish lakes, the next Holland, perhaps, or Switzerland. The month of August was usually spent upon the estate of an Uncle in Fifeshire, Scotland, and from all these places were written regular



MRS. G. H. GILBERT

weekly letters to the *Mail*; the writer trying to find the unusual and the out-of-the-way for the subject of his comment. A series of articles upon "Scottish Farm Life" occupied some months. The different grades of agricultural existence, from the Squire, who leased land, through the Laird, who worked his own land, and the tenant-farmer, who tilled the acres rented from the Squire, down to the cotter, who worked for yearly wages, was shown. How the laborers were engaged and housed, and paid so much in cash, so much in coals, so many bowls of meal, and so many quarts of milk, *per diem*; how they were cared for when they were ill; the length of their hours of toil; and what happened to them when they were born, or married, or died, were all set down. It is a patriarchal existence, slow, but usually sure, and not unhappy. And it is entirely different from the life in rural sections in newer parts of the world. The social line is very strictly drawn. The cotter looks up to the tenant-farmer—who is known as the "Maister." The "Maister" looks up to the Laird; the Laird looks up to the Squire; the Squire, who belongs to the "Gentry-class," looks up to the Aristocracy; the Aristocracy looks up to the Royalty. And the Almighty looks down on them all, and sees no difference between them!

The Squire's daughter goes to school with the "Maister's" daughter. They study the languages, the arts, and music together, in each other's schoolrooms and nurseries, under the same teachers, and out of the same books, on a footing of perfect intellectual equality. But there it ends. The "Maister's" daughter may be more refined, more intelligent, more adaptable, more everything than is the daughter of the Squire. But she is built of different clay. And she recognizes the fact, and she accepts it. In the case of any important local social function she will not presume to approach the girl of her own age, whose drawings she has corrected and criticised the day before as though they were sisters and peers. She will not dare to sit to-day at the same table

with the girl who, yesterday after the French lesson, spread her bread and butter for her, and shared her jam!

The peculiarities of Scottish local nomenclature are as trying to the eye and to the tongue of the ordinary American as are the Indian names of our own land to the average Scot.

There went one summer to this Fife farm a young lady from Schenectady. Her own personal cognomen, Miss Cunningham, was familiar and easy enough; but "Miss Cunningham of Schenectady" was beyond the Fife-shireman's powers of utterance. Schenectady to us of the States is as simple as is Albany, or Troy, or Baltimore; but there was not a person in all that part of the world who could spell or pronounce the word. And most entertaining to Miss Cunningham herself were the attempts at it. "Skinney-faddy" and "Skenk-ter-addy" were as near to it as the most successful of them ever came. To the Laird, particularly, it was most wonderfully perplexing and amusing. He struggled with it day and night, laughing at his own attempts and failures, and wondering, in his semi-serious, semi-humorous way, how any sensible, self-respecting Christian could confess to having been born in a place that called itself like that!

In his eyes the orthographic and orthoepic beam of his own titles and appellations was entirely eclipsed by the marvellous mote known as "Schenectady"; and he never realized that the inhabitants of the counties of Schorharie, Cattaraugus, and Chemung, in the State of New York, might safely bite their thumbs at the residents of the Shire of Fife, in the kingdom of Scotland; until his eyes were opened, somewhat rudely, and his sight was, in a way, restored. "Uncle John," I said to him suddenly one evening, when he was in convulsions over Schenectady, "Uncle John, what is the name of your place?" "Baldutho'!" ["Balduthy" in the vernacular.] "And of your parish?" "Aroncrauch!" [Arron-craw.] "And of your post-office?" "Pittenweem" [pronounced as it is spelled]. "And of your railway sta-

tion?" "Killconquhar" [Killnocker]. "And still, Uncle John," I continued, "you, as Laird of Balduthy, Elder of the Kirk of Arroncraw, receiving your letters and papers at Pit-tenweem, and taking your trains at Kill-nocker, think 'Schenec-tady' funny!"

In a series of Letters from London, subjects from grave to gay were touched upon, as occasion warranted. One entire season was dwelt among, and upon; the London churches, old and new, from Spurgeon, in his crowded tabernacle, to the rector of some little chapel in the "City" who read his services to a pew-opener, a beadle, a company of choir-boys, and a congregation of five or six. The latter, generally, were paupers, dependent upon the parish, and obliged to appear every Sunday under penalty of the loss of the weekly dole of a sixpence or a quartern loaf; left, in perpetuity, by some Lord Mayor, dead and forgotten in the long, long agoes. How the fashionable preachers in the West End preached, and where they preached, and to whom, was one of the themes. A beautiful Sunday was devoted to the Foundling Hospital, where little children come, and are not forbidden. Pray do not miss it, when you go to London next. It will move to do better and to be better even the men and women who have known no children of their own. Another Sunday was devoted to the chapel of the Charter House, the place of worship of the Poor Brethren, so familiar to the friends of Colonel Newcome, where more attention was paid to the reading of the memorial tablets to Thackeray and John Leech, I am afraid, than to the reading of the Gospels, or the Lessons. Do not miss that either when you go to London, if it is left intact by the Directors of the Merchant Tailors' School, who reign there now.

Another summer was given up to the



THE MAISTER OF "BALDUTHY"

theatres, particularly to the theatres little known. Still another summer was spent among the coffee-houses, especially among those of literary association; "The Chapter," the home, once, for a very short time, of Charlotte and Emily Brontë; "The Black Jack," in Portsmouth Street, so intimately associated with Mr. John Sheppard, the highwayman, and with Mr. Joseph Miller, the wit and the player; "The Feathers," in Hand Court, Holborn, familiar to Charles Lamb; "The Salutation and Cat," in Newgate Street, then "The Salutation" only, but very little changed, except in name, where Coleridge and Southey had "sat together through the winter nights, beguiling the cares of life with Poesy," and the like. Many were the letters about the squares of London, about the monuments, about the gardens,



SCOTTISH COTTER'S HOUSE

particularly about those of the Temple; about the Inns of Court, and all the memories they brought up; and about such current events as the first visit of the Shah of Persia, or the funeral of poor Henry Kingsley. All at seven dollars a column; not regularly paid!

It is a little mortifying to admit that many of these Letters, dated in London, were written in New York! Not a great deal of European news came, in those days, to this country by cable; distances were considered too great, and rates too high. But all the foreign "Exchanges" were read as soon as they arrived in the editorial rooms, or in the Mercantile Library; and by means of a certain topographical knowledge of the British metropolis and a familiarity with its inhabitants and their tricks and their manners, it was not at all impossible to give a lucid account of what happened every week. The Queen's "Drawing Rooms" were described, the Lord Mayor's Show; the opening of a new play-house; the reconstruction of an old club; a great Parliamentary debate; the crowning of a bishop; a suicide from Waterloo Bridge; baby-farming; or a birth or a

marriage in the royal family, with all the accustomed accuracy of an eyewitness who was three thousand miles away! It is not known that anybody was deceived; but nobody was seriously harmed; and no little practice and experience were gained from it. Still at seven dollars a column!

The funeral of Henry Kingsley I attended in person, moved thereto by feelings of sincere sympathy, as well as by professional reasons. I had always admired the works of the man. I still think that there are no heartier, more healthful, more cheerful out-of-door tales than "Ravenshoe" and "The Hilliards and the Burtons"; and no stories were ever more fascinating to me than are the fantastic vagaries of "Oakshot Castle" and "Number Seventeen," in which the majority of the characters are lunatics, amiable or dangerous, and in all stages of eccentric dementia.

I had never seen the man, and nothing could be learned of his nature or individuality. He was not known to the clubs of literary bohemia, in London, and he seemed to have no friends in town. The little Kentish hamlet in

which he had spent the last years of his life was two hours or more from the metropolis, on a branch railway, involving many changes. While feeling my way to the place in the London Station, asking many questions from railway-guards and booking-agents, I was accosted by a stranger, who said he fancied we were going on the same sad errand, and that if I would enter his compartment he would take me safely to the spot. My business and nationality were told; it was explained that the journey was not taken out of mere idle curiosity or from a desire to earn the traditional penny-a-line, but from a spirit of pure affection for, and admiration of, Kingsley's literary qualities. And it was discovered that the stranger was a near neighbor of the Kingsleys, and the owner of the interesting little old place in which Henry had lived, the Grange whose garden was the scene of the novelist's own death, and of the last tale he wrote. From this gentleman much was learned concerning the man, and his life, and his surroundings; and all that was learned was good and pleasant to hear and to record. It seemed that the author had put not a little of himself and of his own people in his stories. I learned upon whom the different creations were based, and how far they were real and how far elaborated; and I was told that I should meet the original "Hetty," which I did.

My informant took me out of the train at a side-station; drove me, in his own dog-cart, to his own house; shared with me his luncheon; carried me to the quiet, peaceful churchyard in which Kingsley was to rest, and stood



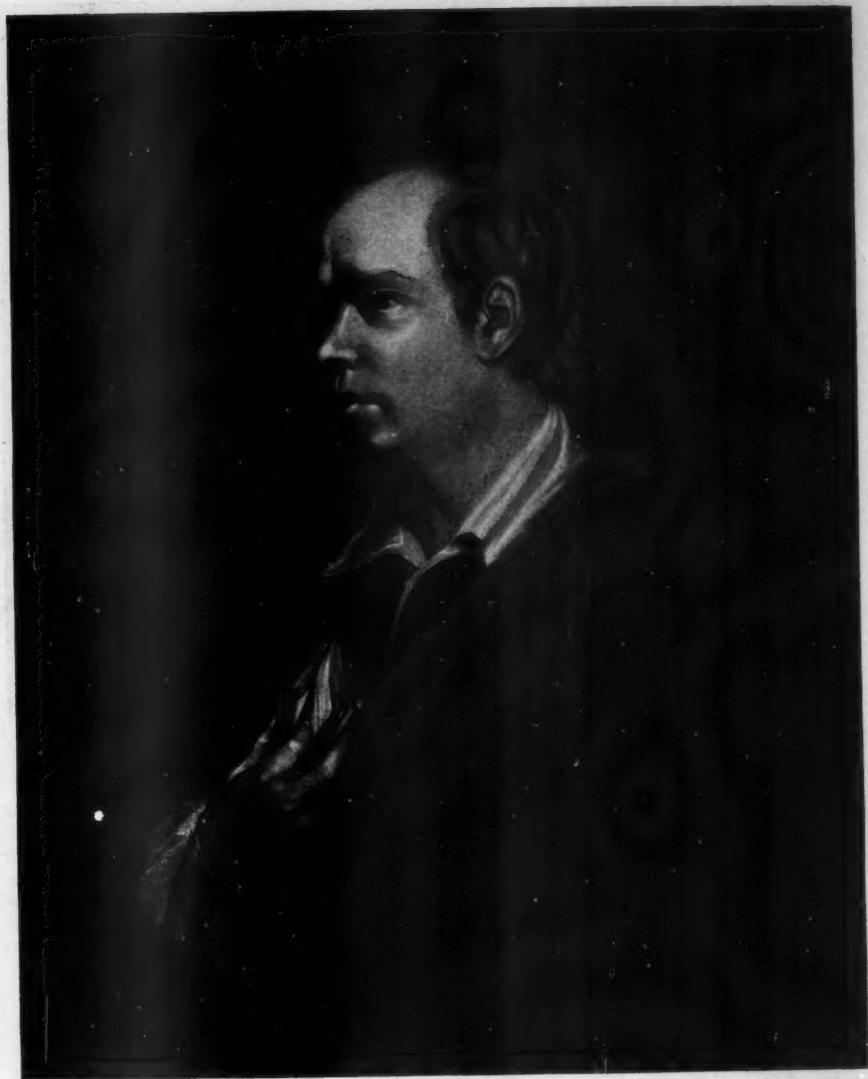
HENRY KINGSLEY

by my side as the gentle novelist was laid in his grave. I was introduced to the family doctor, and to the rector of the parish, both of whom knew Kingsley well, and loved him; and Hetty herself it was who picked and handed me the little bunch of rosemary which I laid upon the coffin—for remembrance!

I went back to London with my accidental host; and we never met again. When we exchanged cards on parting at the railway terminus, I read upon his, engraven, the words, "Samuel Weller, Esquire."

And thus there was a little touch of reminiscent comedy in the tragedy, after all!

*(To be continued.)*



*San Jac. "Angelus finis"*

*Dr. Goldsmith*

*J. M. Smith*

Courtesy of F. Keppel



GLASSEN: ON THE ROAD TO AUBURN

## A Pilgrimage to Goldsmith's "Deserted Village"

By H. C. SHELLEY

THERE is one village we all know and love. The eye of sense may never have rested on its grassy lanes, the ear of sense may never have heard the subdued murmur of its quiet sounds, but its beauties and its harmonies dwell apart in the imagination of us all. Familiar, too, as any friends of flesh and blood are the actors who play their part on this rural stage. Chief among them, and kindly father of all, stands the village preacher, whose heart's gates were flung as wide open as the doors of his modest home. We know him in his home, in the village street, by the bedside of departing life, and in the church, where "truth from his lips prevailed with double sway." By the glowing light of his fireside we discern

now the form of an aged beggar, anon the wreck of a gay spendthrift, and again the besouled uniform of a broken soldier. As these waifs of humanity come and go, as they one by one fill that hospitable chair and are warmed and fed, the one figure which is permanent in the picture is that of the godly host, and his face is ever radiant with tender sympathy. In this lowly cottage, where parting life is laid, it is the same venerable figure, the same kindly face, that bends in loving sorrow over the humble bed. Along the village street, too, we recognize that well-known form, and as the children pluck the flowing gown the same serene countenance bathes them in its smiles. Even when we enter the village church



"THE DESERTED VILLAGE"



ATHLONE: WHERE GOLDSMITH WENT TO SCHOOL



"THE DECENT CHURCH"

on the holy day of rest we find the same benign figure claiming of natural right the high position of leader among the simple worshippers within its walls. And as these pictures brighten and fade in the chamber of memory we repeat softly to ourselves:

Thus to relieve the wretched was his pride,  
And e'en his failings leaned to virtue's side;  
But in his duty prompt at every call,  
He watched and wept, he prayed and felt for all;  
And, as a bird each fond endearment tries  
To tempt its new-fledged offspring to the skies,  
He tried each art, reprov'd each dull delay,  
Allured to brighter worlds, and led the way.

Another familiar figure in this dream-world of ours is the village school-master. As he takes his place in the morning at his rude desk we see the anxious faces of his pupils upturned in an eager scrutiny; well skilled are they by rueful experience in determining from his first looks whether the day is to be one of calm or storm. He cracks a joke, the laughter is out of all proportion to the wit; if he argues in words of "learned length and thundering sound" the amazed rustics marvel

that so small a head should hold such a portentous store of knowledge. From the village school the memory passes to the village ale-house, with its

Whitewashed wall, and nicely sanded floor,  
The varnished clock that clicked behind the door.

Here are the sage statesmen of the rural world, who solve with narrow-visioned ignorance problems such as burden their more responsible prototypes with anxious days and sleepless nights.

But where is this village to be found, and what is its name?

To attempt to answer that twofold question is to tackle a knotty point of literary criticism.

When Thackeray roamed through the Green Isle in search of material for his "Irish Sketch-Book," his route led him along a "more dismal and uninteresting road" than he had ever before seen. That road brought him

through the old, inconsistent, ill-built, and ugly town of Athlone. The painter would find here, however, some good subjects for his sketch-book, in spite of the commination of the Guide-Book.



THE GLASSY BROOK



THE ROAD TO AUBURN  
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Here, too [Thackeray continues], great improvements are taking place for the Shannon navigation, which will render the town not so inconvenient as at present it is stated to be; and hard by lies a little village that is known and loved by all the world where English is spoken. It is called Lishoy, but its real name is Auburn, and it gave birth to one Noll Goldsmith, whom Mr. Boswell was in the habit of despising very heartily.

Thackeray was right to qualify what he calls the "commination of the Guide-Book." Athlone, the most convenient point for a visit to Goldsmith's "Deserted Village," is, on the whole, of all the many provincial towns I visited in a tour which embraced the greater part of Ireland, decidedly the most pleasing and picturesque. The most pleasing, even apart from its associations with Goldsmith. Starting from the one bridge of the town, which spans the broad Shannon and links the two parts of Athlone together, the main street of the place straggles gently upward, and soon merges into the charming country road which stretches out to Auburn. Thus far the citizens of the midland town have done little to cultivate the gentle art of laying traps for the literary pilgrims. "There are two hotels in Athlone," said an Irishman to me when I was miles away from the place, "and whichever one you go to, you will wish you had gone to the other." That main street, in which those two lucky-bag hotels are situated, and the old castle, are much the same in objective appearance as they were during the two years which the boy Oliver Goldsmith spent in Athlone at that "school of repute" kept by the Rev. Mr. Campbell. No one knows the fate of that school; its locality in the town and its history subsequent to the pupilage of its most famous scholar are as shrouded in mystery as the place of his burial in the Temple graveyard. Thwarted, then, of the pleasure of paying homage at that shrine, it only remains for the lover of Goldsmith to diffuse his adoration among those aspects of the town upon which the eye of his hero must have fallen. There are, of course, many houses in the principal street which must have survived the ravages of a century and a half, including one

three-story building, once occupied by some of Goldsmith's family; but probably the hand of time has rested with the most ineffective touch upon the sturdy walls of Athlone Castle. Some seven centuries have come and gone since those walls first saw their own outlines reflected in the placid waters of the Shannon, and between then and now the castle has played no inconspicuous part in Irish history.

But Athlone—"the ford of the moon," from *Ath Luain*, a name given because there was a ford here used in Pagan times by worshippers of the moon—is of primary interest just now as the starting-point for a visit to that village hard by in which Thackeray makes Goldsmith to be born. Of course he was wrong in naming Lishoy as Goldsmith's natal place, for that honor belongs to Pallas in County Longford; but as Lishoy was the home of his boyhood it possesses quite equal interest for the literary pilgrim.

While Oliver Goldsmith was creating his picture of "The Deserted Village," had he any model before him? Lord Macaulay answers emphatically in the negative, and affirms that there never was any such hamlet as Auburn in Ireland. On the other hand, Professor Masson replies "yes" and "no" almost in the same breath.

All Goldsmith's phantasies [he says first] are phantasies of what may be called *reminiscence*. Less than even Smollett, did Goldsmith *invent*. . . . He drew on recollections of his own life, on the history of his own family, on the characters of his relatives, in whimsical incidents that had happened to him in his Irish youth.

But Professor Masson soon forgets his own statements, and then adds that "we are in England, and not in Ireland" when we read "The Deserted Village." This is rather bewildering, but happily Mr. William Black dispels the criticisms of Lord Macaulay and Professor Masson by the penetrating remark that they overlook one of the radical facts of human nature, *i. e.*, the magnifying delight of the mind in what is long-remembered and remote.

What was it [Mr. Black asks] that the imagination of Goldsmith, in his life-long banishment,

could not see when he looked back to the home of his childhood, and his early friends, and the spots and occupations of his youth? Lishoy was no doubt a poor enough Irish village; and perhaps the farms were not too well cultivated; and perhaps the village preacher, who was so dear to all the country around, had to administer many a thrashing to a certain graceless son of his; and perhaps Paddy Byrne was something of a pedant; and no doubt pigs ran over the "nicely sanded floor" of the inn; and no doubt the village statesmen occasionally indulged in a free fight. But do you think that was the Lishoy that Goldsmith thought of in his dreary lodgings in Fleet Street courts? No. It was the Lishoy where the vagrant lad had first seen the "primrose peep beneath the thorn"; where he had listened to the mysterious call of the bittern by the unfrequented river; it was a Lishoy still ringing with the glad laughter of young people in the twilight hours; it was a Lishoy for ever beautiful and tender, and far away. The grown-up Goldsmith had not to go to any Kentish village for a model; the familiar scenes of his youth, regarded with all the wistfulness and longing of an exile, became glorified enough.

If the cogent reasoning set forth above does not convince the pilgrim of the authenticity of Lishoy as a shrine worthy of his devotions, let him turn to "The Deserted Village" for final confirmation. Let him ponder, for example, those pathetic lines which read as though written in tears and heart's blood:

In all my wanderings round this world of care,  
In all my griefs—and God has given my share—  
I still had hopes, my latest hours to crown,  
Amidst these humble bowers to lay me down;  
To husband out life's taper at the close,  
And keep the flame from wasting by repose:  
I still had hopes, for pride attends us still,  
Amidst the swains to show my book-learned skill,  
Around my fire an evening group to draw,  
And tell of all I felt, and all I saw:  
And, as a hare whom hounds and horns pursue,  
Pants to the place from whence at first he flew,  
I still had hopes, my long vexations past,  
Here to return—and die at home at last.

Lishoy, or "Auburn," as it is much oftener called, is about seven miles from Athlone. The drive thither, on a mellow end-of-the-summer day, lingers in my memory as a quietly moving panorama of subdued pastoral pictures. Athlone is no sooner lost behind bosky

trees and gently swelling hills than, to the left, away down there at the edge of emerald fields, Killinure Lough holds up its mirror to catch the mingling glories of a cerulean sky shot with fleecy clouds. Slowly this picture fades away and gives place to another of the village of Glassen, than which I was to see no more picturesque hamlet in all my travels through Ireland. Approached at either end through an avenue of spreading trees, the one street of the village is lined with neat little cottages, now roofed with thatch, and anon with warm red tiles. Although abutting sharp upon the road, each house has its climbing rose or trailing vine, and it was the exception rather than the rule to note a window-sill without its box of flowers. A mile or so farther, and the road dips down between rows of pines and beeches, the pronounced lines of the one accentuating the flowing outlines of the other. And so the jaunting-car bows merrily on, pausing at last before the ruins of the Goldsmith house. Now the pilgrim seems to tread familiar ground. The journey has taken him through scenes which recall no associations, but at the sight of these falling walls, unseen before, the lips murmur almost unconsciously

Near yonder copse, where once the garden smiled,  
And still where many a garden flower grows wild,  
There, where a few torn shrubs the place disclose,  
The village preacher's modest mansion rose.

And no sooner does the mind assent to the accuracy of Goldsmith's description of the outward setting of the house than memory offers her aid to the imagination in an effort to call up again some of the scenes which passed within its walls:

His house was known to all the vagrant train—  
He chid their wanderings, but relieved their pain;  
The long-remembered beggar was his guest,  
Whose beard, descending, swept his aged breast;  
The ruined spendthrift, now no longer proud,  
Claimed kindred there, and had his claims allowed;  
The broken soldier, kindly bade to stay,  
Sat by his fire, and talked the night away,  
Wept o'er his wounds, or, tales of sorrow done,  
Shouldered his crutch, and showed how fields were won.

Pleased with his guests, the good man learned to glow,

And quite forgot their vices in their woe;  
Careless their merits or their faults to scan,  
His pity gave ere Charity began.

The house must have been a spacious one for a Protestant parson in Ireland. It stands back some two hundred yards from the road, and is approached by a broad avenue of springy grass, bordered with fine old trees. Five windows and two stories give hints of ample accommodation, and the walls are so stoutly made that the building, considering its history, might well be restored to a habitable condition again.

Leaving the Goldsmith house on the left, a walk of a few hundred paces along the road that turns sharply round past its end brings the pilgrim to an admirable standpoint from which to gain an adequate impression of "Sweet Auburn" as a whole. Irregularly hedged pastures rise and fall in gentle undulation, and the road has that welcome grass-fringe so common in England and Ireland, but so rare in Scotland. Here and there the outline of the hedges is broken by tapering or spreading trees, and through those trees peep glimpses of the "sheltered cot, the cultivated farm." No wonder the memory of this peaceful spot soothed the unstrung spirit of the London-pent Goldsmith; no wonder he brooded with such delicious, painful sorrow over those visions of the happy past which thronged his brain; no wonder he poured out his heart in that pathetic apostrophe:

O blest retirement, friend to life's decline,  
Retreat from care that never must be mine.

How blest is he who crowns, in shades like these,  
A youth of labor with an age of ease;  
Who quits the world, where strong temptations try,  
And, since 't is hard to combat, learns to fly!

Of the many sights of Auburn that were familiar to Goldsmith's eyes, only a few remain. The "busy mill" is still there, but idle now for many a year, and roofless, and overgrown with tangled weeds. Close by, too, is the "glassy brook," more true to its name than would be imagined from the poem, so perfect is its reflection of hedge and sky. A mile or so away a "decent church" tops the hill, occupying the same site, and doubtless perpetuating the outward image of the building in which the boy Oliver often listened to the sermons of the Vicar of Wakefield. Not far distant, on the summit of a modest hill that rises from the roadside, stands a rudely built circular stone pillar, which is said to mark the exact centre of Ireland. The wayfarer in these parts cannot resist the thought of the near future,—when Ireland gets its share of those who travel in search alike of the beautiful and the shrines of the great, this Goldsmith country will become indeed the centre of the Green Isle.

Such, then, are some of the objective forms which conduct the visitor to Lishoy into the realm of imagination, and their task is made all the easier by those innumerable other subjective shapes which people these lanes and fields with the children of a far-off generation. And yet they are not far off from us; their joys and sorrows are akin to our own; their living human nature makes them of that family which has no yesterday nor sorrow.



# The Rossignol

By WILLIAM HENRY DRUMMOND

Author of "The Habitant," "Johnnie Courteau," etc.

Old French Canadian air, "Sur la Montagne"

JUS' as de sun is tryin'  
Climb on de summer sky  
Two leetle bird come flyin'  
Over de mountain high—  
Over de mountain, over de mountain,  
Hear dem call!  
Hear dem call!  
Poor leetle rossignol!\*

Out of de nes' togedder  
Broder an' sister too—  
Out on de summer wedder  
An' de w'ole worl' is new—  
Over de mountain, over de mountain,  
Hear dem call!  
Hear dem call!  
Poor leetle rossignol!

No leetle heart was lighter,  
No leetle bird so gay,  
Never de sun look brighter  
Dan he is look to-day—  
Over de mountain, over de mountain,  
Hear dem call!  
Hear dem call!  
Poor leetle rossignol!

W'y are dey leave de nes' dere  
W'ere dey are still belong—  
Better to stay an' res' dere  
Until de wing is strong—  
Over de mountain, over de mountain,  
Hear dem call!  
Hear dem call!  
Poor leetle rossignol!

W'at is dat watchin' dere now  
Up on de maple tall?  
Got to look out, tak' care now  
Poor leetle rossignol!  
Over de mountain, over de mountain,  
Hear dem call!  
Hear dem call!  
Poor leetle rossignol!

Here dey are comin' near heem  
Singin' deir way along;  
How can dey know to fear heem  
Poor leetle bird so young?  
Over de mountain, over de mountain,  
Hear dem call!  
Hear dem call!  
Poor leetle rossignol!

Moder won't hear you cryin';  
W'at is de use to call  
W'en he is comin' flyin'  
Quick as de star is fall—  
Over de mountain, over de mountain,  
Hear dem call!  
Hear dem call!  
Poor leetle rossignol!

. . . . .  
. . . . .

Up w'ere de nes' is lyin'  
High on de cedar bough  
W'ere de young hawk was cryin'  
Soon will be quiet now—  
Over de mountain, over de mountain,  
Hear heem call!  
Hear heem call!  
Poor leetle rossignol!

If he had only kissed her—  
Poor leetle rossignol!  
But he has los' hees sister  
An' it 's alone he call—  
Over de mountain, over de mountain,  
Hear heem call!  
Hear heem call!  
Poor leetle rossignol!

Only a day of gladness  
Only a day of song—  
Only a night of sadness  
Lastin' a w'ole life long—  
Over de mountain, over de mountain,  
Hear heem call!  
Hear heem call!  
Poor leetle rossignol!

\*In French Canada the mountain whistler is known as the rossignol.

# "THE ROSSIGNOL."

[Old French Canadian Air, "Sur La Montagne."]

Words by WILLIAM HENRY DRUMMOND.

Arranged by HERBERT SPENCER.

*Moderato.*

1. Jus' as de sun is

*mf* *p*

This system contains the first line of the song. It features a vocal melody in the upper staff and piano accompaniment in the lower staves. The key signature has two flats (B-flat and E-flat), and the time signature is 6/8. The tempo is marked 'Moderato'. Dynamics include mezzo-forte (*mf*) and piano (*p*).

try - in' Climb on de sum - mer sky, Two lee - tle bird come fly - in'

This system continues the vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The lyrics are written below the vocal staff.

O - ver de moun-tain high— O - ver de moun-tain, O - ver de moun-tain,

This system continues the vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The lyrics are written below the vocal staff.

*ritard.* D. C.

Hear dem call, hear dem call, Poor lee - tle ros - sign - ol.

This system concludes the piece. It includes the tempo marking 'ritard.' (ritardando) and the instruction 'D. C.' (Da Capo). The lyrics are written below the vocal staff.

Hon. Wm. F. Shickel

Hotel Jefferson  
St. Louis

I regard the Gold Standard as  
firmly and unswervingly established  
and shall act accordingly if the  
action of the Convention to  
day should be ratified  
by the people. As the platform  
is silent on the subject  
my view should be made  
known to the Convention  
and if it proves to be in-  
sulting factory to <sup>the</sup> majority  
of its members I request  
you to decline the nomi-  
nation for me at  
once. So that another  
may be nominated before  
adjournment.

Alton B. Parker

July 8, 1904.

SB Count - Mrs.

Mr. Biography of William Blount, Sen. of the Territory  
now Tennessee from 1790 to 1796. By Chas. H. Stephens

John <sup>Thomas</sup> Blount, Indiana Grey (of Scotch descent) who fell in  
service over in battle of a Royal Son.  
He was 1149. Lived at Blount Hall, in West County, for generations  
before & after the war in family. His father in contrast  
congruence was, in it his brother, in military service during  
the Revolution; all of them prominent in political life; in  
family of M.C. in Congress in this English. Well known  
English was son of them 1809-15.

William married in 1808, a daughter of Col. Cobb.  
Traveller a prominent family gentleman as member of  
Assembly. Then contributed to Congress in 1813, 1814, 1815  
Member of Constitutional Convention. 1817. In 1818, Army  
as Chief of staff, second of western domain to U.S.  
Took great interest in west's special agent of state  
at the age of 18 years in 1818. He was 1816 (Blount's child)

M.C. found service in 1819; it was accepted. In  
Congress April 22 1820. Aug 14 1820, Washington commissioned  
Blount as Secretary and Asst. of Indian Affairs for  
the Southern States.

# Character in Handwriting

## As Exemplified by President Roosevelt and Judge Alton B. Parker

By JOHN REXFORD

THE most noticeable feature of President Roosevelt's writing is the indication of tremendous activity and energy of mind. When at work his mind is at high pressure, and in writing his fingers are scarcely nimble enough for his brain. In consequence, his writing is somewhat blind. The letters are very small, showing concentration of thought and attention to details; each word stands free from the strokes of other words, showing mental clearness; and the rather close dotting of the *i*'s indicates a good memory. He is observant and his mind is critically acute. He forms his opinions deductively, but occasionally reaches conclusions through some lightning-like intuition.

It is fortunate that the President is also physically active and virile, else his brain would wear out itself and his body. His writing indicates a strong (I almost said strenuous) physical life. He is ardent, energetic, enjoys a good spread, but his actual muscularity is not quite equal to his activity. He would like and try to accomplish more than his strength permits. Like most men who combine strength of mind with strength of body, he is brave and bold.

Men of this robust type are usually under-developed on the softer side of their physical natures. Not under-developed in the matter of affection, sympathy, etc., but they are so thick-ribbed that soft music and rich colors do not much affect them. President Roosevelt probably has little more music in him than General Grant, who said he knew two tunes,—one was "Yankee Doodle" and the other was n't.

The President's writing shows the love of family life which he so earnestly advocates, for there are indications of strong affection, ardor, clannishness,

and constancy. He is very friendly, amiable, talkative, and has a keen sense of humor. He is interested in many subjects and adapts himself readily to any surroundings or conditions. His tastes are simple; generally thrifty and economical, but occasionally extravagant.

Mr. Roosevelt is a natural leader, a good ally, but a dangerous antagonist, his writing indicating aggressive combativeness. Not all of his victories, however, are won by force, for he knows how to conciliate opposition. To his mental and physical strength are united executive ability, decision, and practicality. He is not always consistent, but whatever he does is done carefully, fearlessly, and with all the strength of body and mind.

Many of Judge Parker's traits of character, as well as his state of mind at the time of writing, are shown in the handwriting of his famous "gold" telegram. In general appearance the writing resembles that of many business men. It is not eccentric, nor even very original in any respect, indicating that he is a normally conservative man. Plain, straightforward honesty is strongly marked in his script by the even size of the letters, indicative of conscientiousness, the straight "base-line" of the letters indicating straightforwardness, the rather carefully placed punctuation marks showing carefulness, and a sense of justice shown in the equally spaced lines. Certainly a man with these traits has plain honesty.

Facts appeal to him more than fiction. His perceptions are not quick, but his ideas are clearly defined, sharp, and never confused. He uses very little intuition, but a great deal of deductive judgment, and arrives at decisions promptly. In forming opin-

ions he uses only those facts which he knows to be true; a sceptical mind prevents him from admitting anything of a doubtful character. He is deliberate, careful, and a difficult man to deceive.

In personal bearing the Judge is dignified, but modest and unassuming, kind-hearted, tactful, sensitively sympathetic, and warmly affectionate. No child or animal can suffer unaided in his presence, for the protective instinct is well developed in him. He is not naturally talkative, and knows how to keep his own counsel. Physically he is active and energetic, and is punctual at engagements. His temper is rather quick, but it is under the control of a firm will.

There are several interesting signs in connection with his mood at the time of writing the telegram. He was much perplexed. The changing slope in the writing shows a struggle between his inclination and his judgment, between his heart and his head. Ambition is

said to be indicated by ascending cross-strokes, *i. e.*, the *t*-bars, etc. Where he speaks of his nomination being "ratified by the people" the crosses of the *t*'s ascend. Towards the close of the telegram, where he speaks of declining the nomination, the *t*-bars and hyphens incline downward, showing the reverse of ambition. Writing which "runs down hill" indicates depression, and the last few lines and the signature certainly do descend considerably. He also wrote in more haste than he is accustomed to do.

Self-important persons, in their desire to be impressive, nearly always evolve signatures that do not correspond with their natural handwriting. The absence of any such trait is very noticeable in Judge Parker's signature, as it matches the writing above it precisely. He is naturally quiet and reserved, but no one ever finds him distant or unapproachable. He apparently meets people on their own level, which is always one of the traits of really great men.

## The Cost of Living Abroad

### II.—France \*

By MISS BETHAM-EDWARDS

[The series of articles on "The Cost of Living Abroad," of which this is the second, was prepared with special reference to the English reader, and appears in the *Cornhill Magazine* of London as well as in *THE CRITIC*. It was found impracticable to change the pounds, shillings, and pence into American money, or to make other changes, as they would necessitate a virtual rewriting of the papers. The articles have been most carefully prepared, and so well written that they cannot fail to interest the American as well as the English reader as they stand.—EDITOR, *THE CRITIC*.]

THE following figures and calculations have been supplied by experienced French householders. Although a quarter of a century ago I spent an unbroken twelvemonth in Brittany, and since that period have passed a sum-total of many years on French soil, I have always lodged under native roofs and sat down to native boards. Whilst pretty well acquainted with the cost of living among our neighbors, I could not authoritatively parcel out incomes,

assigning the approximate sum to each item of domestic expenditure. Friendly co-operation alike from Paris and the provinces has enabled me to prepare these pages. For the convenience of readers I give each set of figures its equivalent in English money. I add that the accompanying data have all reached me within the last few weeks.

We may assume that where English officials, professional, naval, and military men, and others are in receipt of £500 or £600 a year, their French

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compeers receive or earn deputy's pay, *i. e.*, 9000 francs, just £360; adding 1000 francs more we obtain a sum-total of £400 a year. Such incomes may be regarded as the mean of middle-class salaries and earnings, and whilst salaries and earnings are much lower than in England, living is proportionately dearer. Hence the necessity of strict economy. Very little, if any, margin is left for many extras looked upon by ourselves as necessities of existence. Take, for instance, an extra dear to the British heart, the cult of appearances, Dame Ashfield's ever-recurring solicitude as to Mrs. Grundy's opinion.

So long as reputation and the toilet are beyond reproach, a French housewife troubles her head very little about standing well with the world. Feminine jealousy is not aroused by a neighbor's superiority in the matter of furniture, or what is here called style of establishment. The second extra, this an enviable one, is the indulgence of hospitality. An English family living on £500 a year spends more on entertaining friends during twelve months than a French family of similar means and size would do in as many years, and for the excellent reason that means are inadequate. Our neighbors are not infrequently misjudged by us here. We are too apt to impute inhospitality to moral rather than material reasons.

We begin, therefore, with the mean—that is to say, incomes of 10,000 francs, *i. e.*, £400 a year, and of persons resident in Paris. Here is such a budget: parents, two children old enough to attend day-schools or *lycées*, and a servant making up the household:

	£.	s.	d.
Income.....	400	0	0
Rent.....	60	0	0
Taxes.....	7	4	0
Food and <i>vin ordinaire</i> of three adults and two children.....	146	0	0
Servant's wages.....	16	16	0
Two <i>lycées</i> or day-schools.....	32	0	0
Dress of four persons.....	60	0	0
Lights and firing.....	24	0	0
Total.....	346	0	0
Balance for doctors' bills, travel, pocket-money, amusements, etc..	54	0	0

The amount of taxation seems small, but it must be borne in mind that food, clothing, medicines, indeed almost every article we can mention, are taxed in France.

The sum-total of £7 4s. covers *contributions directes, i. e.*, taxes levied by the State and municipality and quite apart from *octroi* duties. Rents under £20 in Paris and £8 in the provinces are exempt. Municipal charges are always on the increase. A friend living at Passy informs me that her tiny flat, consisting of two small bedrooms, sitting-room, and kitchen, hitherto costing £28 a year, has just been raised to £32, and it is the same with expensive tenements.

The following figures will explain the apparently disproportionate sum-total expended on the table alike in Paris and, as we shall see farther on, throughout the provinces. Butter, in what is pre-eminently a butter-making country, costs from 1s. 3d. to 2s. 6d. a pound (the French livre of 500 grammes is 1 lb. 3 oz. in excess of our own). Gruyère cheese, another home-product, from 1s. to 1s. 4d., chickens from 1s. 3d. to 2s. per pound weight, milk 5d. a quart, bread 2d. a pound, meat (according to joint) 1s. 2d. to 1s. 6d. and 2s. Fruit ripened on French soil is double the price at which it is sold in England. Thus bananas and oranges, grown by the million in Algeria, cost 2d. each. Coffee is from 2s. to 2s. 6d., tea from 2s. 6d. to 6s., sugar 5d. to 6d., a pound. The penny bun—that delight of childhood—is unknown in Paris. The *brioche* or *madeleine*, little cakes half the size of the penny bun, cost 1½d. each. A currant cake, under the weight of a 6d. one here, costs 1s. 3d. These are current prices. The result of such high prices is that French householders find it easier to reduce any item of expenditure rather than that of the table. In the case of persons living alone, the cost is naturally higher. Thus my correspondents assure me that such caterers for themselves only cannot live in Paris under 2s. 6d. a day, this sum covering plain diet only, with a very moderate allowance of *vin ordinaire*. An extra ½d. on bread is a serious mat-

ter to an essentially bread-eating people, three French pounds (*i. e.*, 3 lb. 4½ oz.) being the daily consumption of the average Frenchman.

The low-priced restaurants of business quarters doubtless mislead many travellers. I should say that the plateful of roast beef or mutton supplied with potatoes for 1s. in the Strand contains at least a third more nutriment than the tempting little dish offered with a *hors d'œuvre* for 1s. 5d. on the boulevards. The *hors d'œuvre* I expatiate upon lower down.

The average cost of a Frenchman's plain lunch and dinner at a quiet, well-ordered house of the better sort, with tips, I learn cannot be under 5s. or 6s. a day. I allude to officials of standing compelled by their avocations to breakfast and dine at an eating-house.

The wages set down in the foregoing table seem excessively moderate for Paris, but, as my correspondent informs me, the fact of keeping a servant at all under such circumstances implies very great economy in other matters. A parallel budget—that is to say, the yearly expenditure of a similar family with a similar income—allows a more liberal margin for food, no domestic being kept.

Wages of good servants are high in Paris; the cost of a capable maid-of-all-work, including board, washing, wages, and New Year's gifts, cannot be calculated, my friend assures me, at less than £60 a year. Thus many families of the middle ranks do with the occasional services of a charwoman, thereby economizing at least £40 annually for other purposes.

Fuel is another onerous item of domestic expenditure. Writing from Paris, on February 24th last, a householder informed me that good coals cost £2 16s. the ton. No wonder that in moderate households firing is economized as in the home of Eugénie Grandet.

And many French temperaments seem positively invulnerable—appear to be cold-proof by virtue of habit, or, may be, heredity. I know a Frenchwoman whose happy immunity it is never to feel cold. No matter the

weather, she needs neither fire, foot-warmer, nor warm clothing. A certain French physique exists, matchless for hardness and powers of resistance.

The dearth of combustibles is equalled in other matters. From a postage stamp upward—there are neither penny stamps nor halfpenny postcards in France—we may safely assume that every commodity costs a third more on the other side of the Channel.

Spills and spill-cases are as obsolete in England as the tinder-boxes and snuffer-trays of our great-grandparents. But lucifer matches, like tobacco, since 1871 have been a State monopoly in France. Whereas we get a dozen boxes for 3d., our neighbors still pay 1d. for one, and that one containing lights of an inferior kind. A match is never struck by French people when a gas jet and a spill are available.

Drugs and patent medicines are incredibly dear. No wonder that every country house and cottage has its store of home-made simples and remedies. Some eighteen months since, I fell ill in Paris and a friendly physician prescribed for me. One week's remedies ran up to £1. Four shillings were charged for a dozen cachets, which composed of a similar substance would, a chemist informed me, have cost just 2s. here.

Little wonder that families with an income limited to £300 or £400 a year cannot afford even a Tilly Slowboy, whilst an outing to the sea or the country during a long vacation is equally out of the question. My first correspondent informs me that, unless paternal hospitality is available, Parisians so situated would very seldom get a holiday away from home. Fortunately many folks have some farmhouse of parents or grandparents to retreat to in the dog-days.

A considerable item in remaining sum-totals is that of *étrennes*, or New Year's gifts. We grumble at being mulcted when Yuletide comes round. What should we think of 100 francs, £4, a year for Christmas boxes out of an annual £300 or £400? Yet the unfortunate French, rather we should say

Parisian, householder, whose income is much lower, must set aside at least 100 francs for the inevitable *étrennes*. There is the *concierge* to begin with, that all-important and not always facile or conciliatory janitress of Parisian blocks. Fail to satisfy your *concierge* when New Year's day comes round, and you must be prepared for small vexations throughout the year.

Next to *concierge* and maid-of-all-work, or charwoman, come postman, telegraph boy, gas- or electric-light employees, baker, milk-woman, and the rest, New Year's gifts reaching a much higher figure in proportion to means than among ourselves. The *étrennes* make an appreciable hole in small balances.

Tips are also high, and as Parisians who are narrowly housed and unprovided with servants do their scanty entertaining in restaurants, such items help to limit this kind of hospitality. In fact, of all luxuries in Paris, that of feasting one's friends is the most costly.

I will here say something about dress. The sum of £60 in the foregoing tabulation allows £20 each for husband and wife, half that sum for each child, say a boy and a girl attending day-schools.

As Frenchwomen in such a position are always well dressed, the question arises, How is the matter managed?

In the first place, if from her earliest years a French girl is taught the arch importance of *la toilette*, with equal insistence is inculcated economy in the wearing.

Thus the schoolgirl, whether at school or preparing her lessons at home, will always wear a black stuff bib apron for the proper protection of her frock, with sleeves of the same material tied above the elbow. The first-mentioned article is particularized in the prospectus of the *lycée*. Boarders at these colleges created by virtue of the Ferry laws of December, 1880, as at convent schools, are compelled to wear a neat and serviceable uniform. The prospectus of the Lycée of Toulouse shows that among the articles of apparel must be "two aprons of black woollen material, cut according to a given pattern," the

object being to protect the two costumes made by a dressmaker under the lady principal's orders. It is not only the cost of materials but of dressmaking that necessitates such care. As an inevitable consequence of dear food and lodging, dressmakers and seamstresses are obliged to charge proportionately for their labor. The chambermaid of a hotel in Paris I sometimes stop at lately told me that she could not get a Sunday gown made under £1. "And," she added, "seeing what a young woman has to pay for her room, let alone provisions, I could not ask her to take a halfpenny less."

A French lady must not only never be shabby, she must never be out of fashion. Oddly enough, the wittiest saying I know on this subject was uttered by an Englishman. "No well-dressed woman ever looks ugly," wrote Bulwer Lytton—a saying, or rather a conviction, taken to heart in France.

I well remember an illustrative instance. Calling some years since on a very moderately paid official at Grenoble, I was received by his wife, a decidedly ordinary-looking and slovenly young woman, wearing a dingy morning wrap. Her husband soon entered. Madame left us to discuss farming matters; ten minutes later looking in to say adieu. Like Bottom, she was wonderfully translated. In her pretty bonnet and elegant, if inexpensive, walking costume, her hair becomingly arranged, *bien chaussée et gantée*, well shod and gloved, she looked almost lovely. But at what cost of time and ingenuity such toilettes are obtained only a Frenchwoman could tell you.

The economical have recourse to the *maison de patrons* or pattern shops. Ladies living in the country send measures to these Parisian houses and obtain patterns of the latest fashions, either in paper or canvas. With the help of a clever needlewoman, hired by the day, dresses can thus be made to look as if they had just come from the boulevards or the Rue Royale.

As we should naturally expect, the cost of living is considerably less in the provinces. Here, for instance,—supplied me by another correspondent,—is

the budget of a similar family, *i. e.*, husband and wife, two children, and a woman servant, having an income of 8000 francs, or £320, a year:

	£.	s.	d.
Rent and taxes.....	36	0	0
Servant's wages.....	14	8	0
Food, five persons.....	100	0	0
Dress for four persons, two adults and children.....	48	0	0
Two <i>lycées</i> , or day-schools.....	20	0	0
Firing, lights, laundress.....	32	0	0
	250	8	0
Balance left.....	70	0	0

These items represent expenses of living in a cathedral town two hundred miles from Paris. Here certain articles of daily consumption are considerably cheaper. Meat at Dijon costs 8*d.* to 1*s.* the pound, butter 8*d.*, fruit and vegetables are lower in price; rent also and education. Thus we find a difference of £12 in the cost of two *lycées*, or day-schools.

The same correspondent has calculated the balance of similar income and tantamount charges in Paris. The discrepancy is suggestive. Allowing £48 for rent and taxes, £120 for food, £48 for dress, and so on in proportion, she found that just £21 would remain for amusements, medical attendance, and extras generally.

The next budget is the weekly one of a married employee or clerk in Paris, having one child aged six, his entire income being £160 a year. Every item has been set down for me as from a housewife's day-book, and, in addition to figures, I have a general description of daily existence economically considered:

	£.	s.	d.
Food and wine.....	1	1	2
Rent.....	9	11	
Dress.....	11	1	
Firing.....	3	6	
Lights and laundress.....	5	10	
Amusements, stationery, and personal expenses generally.....	5	10	
Weekly total.....	2	17	4
The year of fifty-two weeks.....	149	1	4
Balance.....	10	18	8

I will now state precisely what is obtained for this outlay—describe, in fact, how this little family lives.

In the morning they take coffee with bread and butter, followed at midday by *déjeuner*, consisting of meat, vegetables and what is called dessert, namely, fruit, with perhaps biscuits or cheese. At four o'clock Madame and the child have a roll and a bit of chocolate, and at half-past six or seven the three sit down to dinner, or rather supper—soup, vegetables, and dessert, often without any meat, constituting the last meal of the day.

On Sundays is enjoyed the usual *extra de dimanche* of the small Parisian householder. Our friends then lunch at home, alike in summer and winter, after which they sally forth to spend the rest of the day abroad. Winter afternoons are wiled away in a music-hall; bright, warm hours a few miles out of Paris, dinner at a restaurant, coffee or liqueur on the boulevards finishing the day.

The expense of these Sunday outings sometimes amounts to 8*s.* or 10*s.*, an indulgence often involving deprivations during the week.

Except among the rich, hospitality in Paris, as I have already remarked, is reduced to the minimum. Nevertheless folks living on 3000 or 4000 francs a year will occasionally entertain their relations or friends, and, owing to two agencies, that of the *hors d'œuvre* and the *rôtisseur*, at very small cost and trouble.

Thrift, indeed, in France often wears an engaging aspect; the sightly becomes ancillary to the frugal, and of all elegant economies the *hors d'œuvre*, or side dish, served at luncheon, is the most attractive. Whether displayed on polished mahogany or snowy linen, how appetizing, and at the same time how ornamental, are these little dishes, first-fruits of the most productive and most assiduously cultivated country in the world—tiny radishes from suburban gardens, olives from Petrarch's valley, sardines from the Breton coast, the famed *rillettes*, or brawn, of Tours, the still more famous pâtés of Périgueux, every region supplying its special yield,

every town its special dainty, pats of fresh butter and glossy brown loaves completing the preparations!

Until lately I had regarded the *hors d'œuvre* on luncheon tables of modest households as a luxury, an extravagance of the first water. A French lady has just enlightened me on the subject.

"The *hors d'œuvre* an extravagance!" she exclaimed. "It is the exact reverse. Take the case of myself and family, three or four persons in all. We have, say, a small roast joint or fowl on Sunday at midday, but always begin with a *hors d'œuvre*, a slice of ham, stuffed eggs, a few prawns, or something of the kind. As French folks are large bread-eaters, we eat so much bread with our eggs or prawns that, by the time the roast joint is served, the edge of the appetite is taken off, and enough meat is left for dinner. So you see the *hors d'œuvre* is a real saving."

The *rôtisseur*, or purveyor of hot meat, soups, and vegetables, plays an important part in Parisian domestic economy. You are invited, for instance, to dine with friends who keep no servants. On arriving, your first impression is that you are mistaken in the day. No savoury whiffs accord gastronomic welcome. Through the half-open kitchen door you perceive the tiny flame of a spirit lamp only. Nothing announces dinner. But a quarter of an hour later, excellent and steaming hot soup is served by a *femme de ménage*, or charwoman; the obligatory side-dish, a vegetable, and *rôti* follow; the *rôtisseur* in the adjoining street has enabled your hosts to entertain you at the smallest possible cost and to the exclusion of anything in the shape of worry. Quiet folks, also, who like to spend Sunday afternoons with friends or in the country, and who prefer to dine at home, find the *rôtisseur* a great resource. They have only to order what they want, and precisely to the moment appears a *gâte-sauce*, or cook-boy, with the hot dishes piled pyramiddally on his head.

We will now consider the budget of an artisan, skilled workman, or petty

clerk (*employé subalterne*), whose weekly wages amount to 40 francs, i. e., 32s.; the average, I am assured, at the present time. A friend at Reims has made out the following tabulation:

	<i>l.</i>	<i>s.</i>	<i>d.</i>
Weekly income.....	1	12	0
<i>Expenditure:</i>			
Food of four persons, two adults and two children aged from 5 to 10 years	16	10	
Lodging.....	4	0	
Clothes and house linen.....	1	7	
Shoes.....		10	
Lights and firing.....	1	5	
Pocket-money of husband, newspapers, and amusements.....	4	7	
Total.....	1	9	3
Balance.....	2	9	

This little balance, my correspondent informs me, will be spent upon the various *Sociétés de Prévoyance* and *Secours Mutuels*—associations answering to our own working-men's clubs and to the system of the post-office deferred annuities. The bread-winner's pocket-money supplies his tobacco, occasional glass of beer or something of the kind, his daily newspapers, the monthly subscription of fivepence to a *Bibliothèque populaire* or reading-club, and the family *extra de dimanche*, an outing on Sundays by rail or tramway, or tickets for the theatre. Presumably, also, although this item is not mentioned, the father of a family, as in England, provides himself out of this *argent de poche* with boots and best clothes.

At Reims, as elsewhere in the provinces, we must take into account that living is much cheaper than in Paris. Thus in the former city coals, all the year round, cost 1s. 8d. the sack of 110 lbs. (50 kilos), *vin ordinaire* 5d. the litre, or 1¼ pint, beer 2½d. the litre. Garden and dairy produce is also cheaper. Lodgings which would cost £18 or £20 a year in Paris can be had for £10 or £12 in provincial cities. Education is non-sectarian, gratuitous, and obligatory throughout France. Even the bulk of what is called *fourniture scolaire*, i. e., copybooks, pencils, etc., is supplied by the richer municipalities. But in the eyes of anxious and needy mothers the

primary school is ever an onerous affair. Watch a troop of youngsters emerging from an *école communale*, many belonging to well-to-do artisans and others, many to the very poor. From head to foot one and all will be equally tidy, black-linen pinafores or blouses protecting tunics and trousers. With girls we see the same thing. A French-woman, however poor, regards rags as a disgrace.

One highly characteristic fact pointed out by my Reims friend I must on no account omit. It seems that the working classes throughout France, from the well-paid mechanic to the poorest-paid journeyman, invariably possess a decent mourning, or rather ceremonial, suit. Thus every man owns black trousers, frock-coat, waistcoat, necktie and gloves, and silk hat. He is ready at the shortest notice to attend a funeral, assist at a wedding, or take part in any public celebration. Every working-woman keeps by her a black robe, bonnet, and mantle or shawl. When overtaken by family losses, therefore, even the very poor are not at a loss for decent black in which to attend the interment. The scrupulously cared for garments are ready in the family wardrobe.

My correspondent adds the following table of actual salaries and wages in this great industrial city:

Head clerks (*employés principaux*) in the champagne and wine trade, from £160 a year upwards, with a percentage on sales; in the woollen trade the same figures hold good—small clerks (*petits employés*) from £4 to £8 per month; clerks and assistants in shops from £3 4s. to £6 per month; workmen in manufactories 3s. 2d. to 4s. per day; masons and plasterers 4s. 9d. per day, or from 4d. to 8d. per hour; foremen in factories from 6s. 6d. to 7s. per day; women in factories 2s. to 2s. 6d., and boys 1s. 8d. to 2s. 6d. per day.

The writer further informs me that, although the Benefit Society, *Prévoyant de l'Avenir*, is very prosperous, the situation of the working-man, on the whole, is unsatisfactory. Too many are in debt for rent and other matters. The explanation doubtless lies in the

tariff of cheap stimulants and intoxicants appended to these figures: *absinthe, eau de vie de marc, and apéritifs divers*. The drink evil is now in France, as with us, the question of the hour.

The tabulated budgets of workmen, living respectively in Paris and Dijon, supplied by a friend, will show that even with much lower wages the Dijonnais is considerably better off.

	£	s.	d.
Thus the yearly wages of the first, at			
£1 13s. 7d. per week, amount to..	87	6	4
His expenses .....	83	4	0
Leaving a balance of .....	4	2	4
The yearly wages of the second, at			
£1 4s., amount to .....	62	8	0
His expenses .....	56	0	0
Leaving a balance of .....	6	8	0

The Parisian's rent for one or two rooms will cost him £18 yearly; the food of himself, wife, and two children £47, clothes £12, and so on in proportion; whilst the provincial, similarly situated, will economize £6 on rent, £17 on food, £4 on clothes.

If three persons in Paris, having an income of as many pounds a week, can afford meat only once a day, how small must be the butcher's bill of the working classes! In most cases, alike in Paris and in the provinces, a man's wages are supplemented by earnings of his wife. An experienced lady writes to me on this subject:

The condition of the workingman's home depends absolutely on the wife. Generally speaking, a wife adds at least £12 a year to the family income, and she not only manages to maintain the household in comfort, but to lay by. Economy is the supreme talent of the French *ménagère*.

The adroit Parisienne can turn her hand to anything. Ironing, charring, cooking, call a mother away from home. Indoor work is found for agile fingers.

The loungeur in Paris, especially in old Paris, will unexpectedly light upon these home industries, the means by which working-women supplement their husband's earnings. I was lately visiting a doll's dressing warehouse near the Rue de Temple, when my companion, a French lady, called my attention to

a certain window. The tenement was that of a humble *concierge*, door-keeper of an ancient house let out as business premises. On a small deal table immediately under the uncurtained and wide-open casement—for the weather was hot—lay a heap of small circular objects in delicate mauve satin and swan's-down. What they might be I could not conceive. "See," said my companion, taking up one of the articles, "here is one of the home industries you were inquiring about just now. This good woman earns money in spare moments by making these envelopes for powder puffs; in all probability they will be wadded and finished off with a button by another hand, or maybe at the warehouse. Many women work in this way for toyshops and bazaars."

The marvel was that these little bags of pale mauve satin and swan's-down should, under the circumstances, remain spotless. Put together at odd times, heaped on a bare deal table which looked like the family dinner-table, not so much as a newspaper thrown over them, all yet remained immaculate, ready for great ladies' toilettes. The secret doubtless lay in the swiftness and dexterity of French fingers and the comparatively pure atmosphere. What would become of such materials exposed to the smuttiness of a back street in London? In no field does a French housewife's thrift more conspicuously manifest itself than in cookery. The fare of a Parisian workman, if not so nutritious as that of his London compeer, is at least as appetizing. Thus a basin of soup is often a man's meal before setting out to work. Water, in which a vegetable has been boiled, will be set aside for this purpose, a bit of butter or bacon added, and there will be a savory mess in which to steep his pound of bread. The excessive dearth of provisions puts a more solid nutriment out of the question. Thus bacon costs 1s. 6d. the pound, and the high price of butter drives poor folk to the use of margarine.

Whether the pleasant and apparently fresh butter supplied in Parisian res-

taurants is adulterated or no I cannot say. This I know, that a friend living in Paris has for years abjured butter from a horror of margarine. And here I add a hint to fastidious eaters. In order to make up for the missing butter with cheese, this gentleman mixes several kinds of cheese together at dessert, Roquefort, Brie, Camembert—a delicious compound I am assured.

In humble restaurants may be seen long bills of fare, each dish priced at sums varying from 2½d. to 5d. Workmen in white blouses sit down out-of-doors to these dishes, which look appetizing enough. I have never ventured to try them. I am assured, however, that it is only the very poor of Paris who patronize horse-flesh, and you have to make a long voyage of discovery before lighting upon the shop sign, a horse's head and the inscription *Boucherie de cheval* or *Boucherie chevaline*. One such shop sign I have seen in the neighborhood of the Rue Roquette.

Money is so hardly earned by the Parisian workman and workwoman, and existence is such a struggle, that we need not wonder at the deadly tenacity with which earnings are clutched. When some years ago the Opéra Comique blazed, amid a scene awful as that of a battlefield, the women attendants thought of their tips, the half franc due here and there for a footstool. Unmindful of their own peril and that of others, they rushed to and fro, besieging half-suffocated, half-demented creatures for their money! A similar scene happened during the terrible catastrophe on the Paris underground railway last year. Although the delay of a few seconds might mean life or death, many workmen refused to move from the crowded station, clamoring for the return of the forfeited twopenny ticket.

When M. Edmond Desmoulins sets down the French character as the least possible adapted to spending—in other words, to the circulation of capital, he hits upon what is at once the crowning virtue and the paramount weakness of his country-people. Money in French eyes means something, on no account whatever to be lightly parted with, ab-

solite necessity, and absolute necessity alone, most often condoning outlay. But there is a shining side to this frugality. French folks do not affect a certain sumptuary style for the sake of outsiders, such unpretentiousness imparting a dignity mere wealth cannot bestow. The following incident opened my eyes to French standards many years ago.

I had been spending a few days with a French friend, widow of an officer at Pornic, and on returning to Nantes

took a third-class ticket. The astonishment of my hostess I shall not forget.

"I always travel first-class," she exclaimed, after a little chat about the matter of trains, adding: "But I do not travel often, and I am rich. I have an income of £200 a year."

Of which I doubt not she seldom spent two-thirds. And in this supreme sense the vast majority of French folks are rich, aye, and often "beyond the dreams of avarice."



## Our Best Society

### VII

As Hart offered a limp hand to each of us, the smooth-faced servant looked on with a suspicious respectfulness. He was fat and uncouth, and he wore an old black suit and an ancient collar that seemed oddly out of place in all that magnificence. Beneath his servile mask, I divined an amused interest in the daily spectacle that Walter Hart's life created for him.

"George will take your hat," said Hart, with a lackadaisical glance from me to the servant, and he led the way up the winding marble stairs. In the upper hall an armoured figure confronted us, its polished surface reflecting the electric light that shone from the ceiling. The sides of the hall were hung with tapestry, and an enormous Persian rug nearly covered the hardwood floor. To the right extended the dining-room; the walls and the hangings of a deep red, with the mahogany table and side-board gleaming with glass and silver, made an effect of almost oppressive luxury. The drawing-room, that ran to the left, was long and narrow, after the conventional New York type, but with the rigidity of its lines broken by the arrangement of the Empire furniture.

As we entered, Hart turned on the electric light in a dozen bulbs, including those in the two green-shaded lamps on the long table in the middle of the room. The brilliancy thrown on the white-satin wall-paper with a faint, invisible design traced on its surface, made my eyes blink.

"Oh, Wallie, spare us!" exclaimed Lily Valentine. "I get enough of the footlights at the theatre."

"If I had known you were coming I would have provided a calcium," he said, dancing back into the hall. With a twist of his finger he turned off all the light except that in the lamps.

"That's better," said the actress, sinking into one of the chairs and letting her eyes roam over the crowded table, covered with books and magazines and ash-trays, and with photographs of actors and actresses, all of them boldly autographed with expressions of esteem. "You are so spectacular, Wallie," she added, sinking comfortably back in her chair. "Now, if you would only allow your visitors to be gradually overwhelmed with all this grandeur, and made perfectly miserable with envy, instead of trying to hit them right between the eyes!" She rested both hands on the carved arms of the chair and breathed

ecstatically, as if drawing in an aroma from the richness about her. "Wallie gets awfully cross if people don't faint away the first time they come into his new home."

"Don't call it a *home*, Lily!" the dramatist petulantly exclaimed. "It sounds like an orphan asylum." He walked toward the grate, where the remains of a coke-fire emitted an occasional spark. "If you want to be refined, call it an abode," he went on, seizing an andiron. As he fiercely poked at the fire, his loose Oriental garments betrayed what his conventional black clothes of the night before had mercifully hidden,—success was developing embonpoint. "Oh, what a nuisance that is!" he said, throwing back the andiron on the rack with a loud clatter. "I cannot make George keep that fire going. He will simply drive me distracted." Then he ran out into the hall and called, over the stairs, "George! George!"

Alice and I watched him with intense curiosity. Lily Valentine looked mildly amused. It was plain that she knew what was about to happen.

From below the staircase I saw a smooth face arise, wearing an expression of benignant wonder.

"Well, now, I think it's a shame that you people can't keep this fire going! You are all so lazy that I don't know what to do. Here you've had nothing to do since luncheon, except to attend the door and look after that fire. But you can't even do that right. Have you ever seen me idle?" Hart's eyes flashed indignantly. "Of course, you have n't. I'm busy every minute of the time." Here he swept back into the room, his silk trousers sagging around his ankles. "Just look at that hod, will you?" he said, lowering his voice, and pointing to a piece of shining brass that I knew was making Alice sick with admiration. "Not a piece of coal in it!"

The servant who had meekly followed Hart into the room drew down the corner of his mouth, took up the coal-hod, and said in a low voice: "I'll bring some, sir." Then, as he turned, I perceived a light in his eye that be-

trayed many things besides his relation to Erin.

Walter Hart watched him till he had disappeared. "Well, as Maggie Cline says," he exclaimed, throwing up both hands, "God knows I have troubles of my own."

"Even when you have to make them up yourself," Lily Valentine cheerfully assented. "Now," she resumed, folding her hands in her lap, "don't you think we'd better talk about some real troubles?"

"That means you and the play you forced me to write for you. Now, I told you they'd roast it. If you've come to ask me to tinker it for you, I simply won't do it."

"I'm so glad," Miss Valentine murmured, sweetly.

"Well, that throws an entirely different light on the matter. What are you glad about?"

"We sha'n't have to have another rehearsal now. So I can play round in the country all day to-morrow."

"For Heaven's sake, go ahead and play! That'll do you more good than all the rehearsals in Christendom—unless—" Walter Hart's face assumed a look of alarm—"unless it's with the *charming* people."

From the smile with which Miss Valentine received this remark he saw that his fears were confirmed. "I've a good mind to insist on a rehearsal, just to keep you from acting all day long—for nothing." He sank back in his seat, spreading out the skirts of his coat. "Of course, all the things they said against your performance are true; I've said them to you myself a thousand times. But *me*—they have n't any idea what I'm driving at, the critics here in New York. Now, over in Philadelphia they appreciate me. There's a man on one of the papers there,—he comes over to every one of my first-nights,—and he says in his column this morning that my last act reminded him of George Eliot."

Miss Valentine swayed to one side, pretending to faint. "Is that the mood you're in to-day?" she gasped. Then she sat up and appealed to Alice and me. "This is his Shakespearean

mood. It first came on when he found that he'd written more plays than Shakespeare. And so young, too!" She turned on Hart the most languishing of her glances. "I wonder if rude and unappreciative actresses ever geyed Shakespeare," she flippantly added.

"No, Shakespeare was spared that indignity," Hart promptly retorted. "They knew better than to allow women to appear on the stage in those days. That's why they had boys, instead, because they knew how the vanity and the silliness of the women would interfere with the dramatists."

"Oh, for shame!" Lily Valentine chided, and the flush that suffused her cheek betrayed that she was really embarrassed.

"Well, it's a fact!" Walter Hart exclaimed, warming up to his subject. "All that an actress cares about nowadays is a sympathetic part, instead of taking what's offered her by the dramatist and being very humble and grateful about it, too. That's why I have to write so much rot. If Shakespeare had been writing for women, do you suppose he'd ever have dared to introduce a Lady Macbeth or The Queen in 'Hamlet?' Never! Now don't you agree with me?" Hart insisted, with his eyes on Alice.

"No, I don't!" Alice replied, with an emphasis that I noted with surprise and also with secret admiration. Walter Hart's volubility and authoritative manner had cowed me.

"Walter, stop posing!" said Miss Valentine. "He does n't really mean a word of what he says. He's just trying to see if he can scare us into agreeing with him. Why," she went on scornfully, "Shakespeare's women are perfectly beautiful, nearly every one of them. You can see that he does n't just hate them as you do some of your women. Hamlet's mother he did n't like as much as the others, perhaps, because he was afraid of widows, and he did n't believe in second marriages. And as for Lady Macbeth, I'd rather play her any day than one of your feline creatures, Walter."

At this turn I felt a little alarmed;

but Hart saved the talk from danger by laughing aloud: "You'd be lovely as Lady Macbeth, Lily—in one of the music halls."

The servant, who had been fussing with the fire under the dramatist's eye, started to leave the room; but Hart called to him.

"I suppose I've got to feed you people. Bring the tea things, George. How about you, Mr. Foster? Scotch?"

I should have preferred the harmless tea; but I meekly assented, because it was the easy thing to do.

"Mind you bring the right glasses," said Hart as the servant left the room. "Ah, those happy, happy days," he mused, "when I was struggling and living in a hall-bedroom just big enough to hold a bed, and a desk, and a lovely gas-stove. Whenever I began to suffocate from the stove I'd turn off the gas and I'd hold my head out of the window till I revived. By that time I'd be nearly frozen to death and I'd have to turn the gas on full force again. There was something fascinating about that life, passing from one form of extermination to another, and writing a little between times. After this house, how small that bedroom would seem!"

"Hardly big enough, I suppose, to hold your head," Miss Valentine absently remarked.

Hart turned to me with warning in his eyes. "See what you'll have to go through when you become a dramatist! Don't you think you'd better stick to book-writing?"

"I'm afraid I have the fever," I stupidly replied.

"Well, then, there's no hope for you!" Hart exclaimed. "And the more plays you write, the worse it will be!"

"Oh, Wallie," said Miss Valentine, with deep impressiveness, "he's got the most wonderful play up his sleeve, and you've got to write it with him."

Hart literally threw up his hands. "Collaboration? Now, Lily, I'm disappointed in you. Honestly I am. Why does n't he write his own play?"

"Because he's different from you. He's modest."

"Well, I made up my mind a year ago that I'd never collaborate again if I—well, if I had to give up writing and go on the stage myself, and I can't think of any fate worse than that. If the piece fails, then your collaborator goes around explaining that you were responsible and the only good things in it were his, anyway. If it's a success, his friends let it be quietly known that he really did all the work. No, I'm getting to be too old a bird to be caught like that again. I've got a reputation at last and I'm going to work it for all I'm worth. I have so many orders on hand that I honestly don't know where to begin. Ten thousand dollars in advance, and all the royalties and all the glory for little me! You ought to know that, Lily. Besides," he cried out, as if a light had suddenly broken on him, "what do you want a new play for?"

Here Miss Valentine's face grew scarlet. "Well, your play can't last forever, Walter."

"It ought to be good for two seasons, anyway."

"After all those roasts this morning?" Miss Valentine asked, growing bolder.

"Bah! What do they amount to? I've got out of the reach of the New York papers by this time. They can't hurt me."

The servant came in with a tray covered with elaborate silver tea-things and with tall glasses.

"You pour the tea, Mrs. Foster, won't you, please?" said Hart, graciously, and Alice changed her seat. I felt somewhat relieved. We might now have some hope of getting into the game. Thus far, Alice and I had been woefully out of it. But I had been so interested in my observation that I felt no resentment.

To me Hart passed the heavy decanter containing the Scotch. "What a lovely glass!" said Alice, and I poured myself a stiff drink. I really hated the stuff; but I must play up to my part.

"Yes, that is rather nice, I think," Hart carelessly remarked. "I picked it up in Venice a couple of years ago. What a time I had getting it home!

I suppose your play is from the story we talked about last night, is n't it?" he suddenly asked, holding up his glass toward me and adding, "*Prosit!*"

"Well, you've got a play there, all right, only not for this little girl. She'd kill it."

"Oh, you *monster!*" Lily Valentine cried in a high voice. "It's the kind of part I've been longing for."

"Just as soon as I get time to breathe," Walter Hart resumed, ignoring the actress, "I intend to call all the American dramatists together—there must be at least five of us now—and organize a club for the restraint of 'stars.' Every member shall bind himself to a solemn pledge that he will not allow any 'star,' male or female, to play a part unless the club agrees, by a majority vote, that the 'star' is really able to play it. We really must do something to protect ourselves."

"I shall insist that the club be called 'The Hack-Dramatists' Union,'" said Lily Valentine.

"One of the chief purposes of the Society," Hart went on loftily, "will be the encouragement of marriage among bad actors. For example: there are many actors and actresses that ought to leave the stage for the good of the profession, you know. These actresses are in nearly all instances delightful ladies. We will introduce them to millionaires with a view to matrimony. Whenever a match is arranged the happy actress will sign a paper and place it in the Society's archives, promising never to act again. Marriages on similar conditions the Society will undertake to arrange between *matinée* idols, every one of whom is a bad actor, and *matinée* girls. I personally know dozens of *matinée* girls able to support actor-husbands for the rest of their lives."

"The idea is perfectly fascinating!" cried Lily Valentine, determined not to be put down. "But how about those actor-people who would never think of marrying out of the profession?"

"I've thought of them, too. At first they bothered me. But I now see that they are the most easily disposed of. In fact, they will enable us to kill



"HOLDING HER CHIN COQUETTISHLY IN THE AIR"

two birds with one stone, as it were. My plan is this: to establish a fund, to which the playgoing public will be glad to subscribe generously, providing doweries for bad actresses who marry bad actors. Both contracting parties will agree, of course, to leave the stage forever. And,—wait a minute! I know what you are going to say,—their children will, naturally, be stagestruck from birth, and they will be bad actors too. To keep them off the stage we will provide them with pensions. Furthermore, to protect the theatre against them, we will make the managers promise not to employ them. After a time we could work up a superstition against them."

Miss Valentine shook her head despairingly. "It's a beautiful idea! But you never could keep them out that way, though all of us real artists would do our best to co-operate with you. They'd take your money, and then they'd go on again under assumed names. You'd find long strings of automobiles waiting for millionaires' wives at the stage door of

every theatre in the land. No, you'll have to think of an arrangement—more expedient and less farcical, Walter," Miss Valentine declared, and she drew out a little jewelled watch. "Heavens! It's nearly six o'clock! Why do you talk so much, Walter?"

"Just to keep you quiet for a few minutes and give you a rest." Lily Valentine rose from her seat. "What's on to-night?"

"A dinner at Sherry's—the usual thing."

"Oh, you'll be a wreck before the season's half over," Hart lamented, "and you'll have to close up. You're taking the bread out of my mouth."

"Well, my dear, that might reduce your weight. You've been too prosperous lately. It's spoiling your looks."

Alice and I had followed Miss Valentine's example, and Hart rose and faced us. "To think that I discovered her, and made her and wrote a play for her!" he lamented. "And this is the way she treats me."

Miss Valentine walked across the

room and I thought she was going to kiss him. "And when I ask him to do one little thing for me!" she exclaimed, holding her chin coquettishly in the air.

"Just stop worrying, my child, and the piece will be all right. Besides, I could n't collaborate even if I would," Hart remarked, sententiously, taking us all in with his bright, ferret-like eyes. "But you go ahead and write your play," he went on, addressing me, "and when my piece wears itself out so far as Lily's concerned, let her put yours on. After you get it done, come up and we'll go over it together."

I murmured, "Thank you," and I felt snubbed, though I perceived that Hart meant to be generous.

"Well, good-bye, Mr. Shakespeare-Bacon," said Miss Valentine, holding her jewelled fingers in the air. They were exquisitely manicured and, at the tips, they were as pink as a baby's. I did not blame Walter Hart for reverently pressing his lips against them.

"I'll have to take a cab and jump into a dinner-gown," said the actress. "I'll be late, anyway; but I can't help that. We'll pick up a cab as we go along."

Hart offered to send his man for a cab, but Miss Valentine refused. As we walked down the stairs I had a chance to whisper to Alice: "Don't get into that cab under any circumstances."

Alice said nothing, but I felt certain I could rely on her. She knew that I was in one of those ugly moods when it was safe to let me have my way.

Hart bade us good-bye with an air of *camaraderie*, plainly intended to make me feel more comfortable. When we reached the street Miss Valentine exclaimed:

"Well, I suppose you want to kill me!"

"For what?" I asked, innocently.

"For putting you through all that."

"It was very pleasant to see the house!" Alice remarked, and Lily Valentine laughed aloud.

"You'll simply have to do the play yourself," she declared. "Oh, here's a cab. Stop him before he gets by.

Now you'll both get in, won't you, and then you can go on from my house? I wish I could take you home myself. That would——"

"We want to walk," Alice quickly interposed.

"Well, I'll see you to-morrow anyway." Miss Valentine leaped into the cab, and then she turned to give her address to the driver. "Good-bye," she called out, and away she went.

Before I had a chance to give vent to my feelings, Alice burst out: "It was providential, Ned. We found him in just the right mood. Now you can do the play by yourself. That will be much better. If you did it with him he'd get all the credit, and you'd probably have an awful time with him anyway. It's splendid, splendid. Is n't she perfectly infatuated with him?"

"What!" I gasped.

"Could n't you see it?" Alice asked, pityingly.

"She geyed him all the time. And he geyed her. They're always geying each other. I suppose you think he's in love with her."

"Oh, Ned! There you are again, attributing silly opinions to me. Of course he is n't in love with her—yet."

"But you think he will be."

"That depends."

"On what?"

"On the way she manages him."

I had a sudden attack of rage that seemed to come from my innermost being. I always feel enraged when I hear of a woman *managing* a man. This time I controlled myself for the purpose of getting at what was in Alice's mind.

"What do you mean by managing him?" I said, trying not to let my tone seem bitter. "How can *she* manage him?"

"Well, of course, you can see that he's awfully fond of her."

"He looks upon her as a mere child."

"Exactly. And what an advantage that gives her!" Over Alice's face passed the knowing smile that always irritates me. It hints of depths in human nature that no mere man, even the most subtle psychological novelist,

can ever explore. It makes me feel as if I were considered a novice, a mere schoolboy. "You see, dear, he is always used to being flattered and petted by the actresses and the other women he meets, and he's suspicious of them. But Miss Valentine he regards a child, and he's proud of having 'made' her, as he says. Oh, if he knew what a dangerous position he's in, he'd be scared to death. I think she's taken a step forward this afternoon."

"How?" I asked, in an awed whisper. All this underground observation had a painful fascination for me. It suggested realms of "copy" destined to remain under my eye unseen, lost to literature. I felt the despairing pangs of conscious incompetence.

"He was awfully piqued by her suggesting that he collaborate with you on the play, with any one, in fact," Alice hastily added. "And, of course, the mere implication that his own piece might not be a success jarred him."

"Yes, I saw that!" I exclaimed, glad of a chance to exploit my own insight. I added satirically: "Then you've decided to get them married."

We had turned into Fifth Avenue again, and Alice walked on for several moments without replying. Somehow, in the dark, the crowd had lost its impressiveness; besides, it had considerably diminished. The extravagantly dressed women drove past less frequently in the cabs, and only an occasional frock-coat ornamented the sidewalk.

"It does n't at all follow that they will marry," said Alice. "By the time he falls in love with her she may not care so much for him. In fact, his falling in love with her may destroy her interest in him altogether—her romantic interest, I mean. She's probably so spoiled, too, by having men fall in love with her that his indifference piques her. At any rate," she concluded, following a line of thought that my mind had been anxiously pursuing, "it is n't at all likely to interfere with our scheme."

"I wish I felt sure of that," I said.

"But is n't it absurd," she resumed,

with indignation in her tone, "that he should live in that house all alone? It's positively selfish."

"Why?" I asked, though I knew the answer would upset me.

"Because with a house like that a man ought to be married."

As we were in a public thoroughfare, I refrained from starting a discussion that could not be properly concluded within several exciting hours. I will say right here, though, that if there is anything that makes me mad it is the belief prevalent among the members of a certain sex that because a man is rich it's a disgrace for him to be a bachelor.

"I suppose that Mary is out," I said, to change the subject.

"So we need n't go home. We might go to a restaurant."

"Very well," I agreed, with a profound sigh.

"There's not much in the ice-chest."

"To be honest, dear, I'm all tired out from the agitation of our life this day. But if you insist on going to a restaurant—"

"I don't insist," Alice said with an indifference which assured me that she was ready to be noble if I wished to exact the sacrifice.

Well, I exacted it. There are times in married life when nobility ought to be encouraged.

"Do you know, Alice," I said, "I never love home so much as when Mary is absent? It is n't quite the same to me when she's there."

"It would be very different to me, too, if she were to disappear altogether. Of course, I know there have been literary men's wives who have done all their household work, and very little credit they get in their husbands' biographies. And as for their husbands' *auto*-biographies, I don't believe that a word in their praise has ever been written. You'd think from the way the autobiographies sailed along that authors never ate, or had their clothes done up for the wash, or complained about the household expenses. And such appetites as some of them must have had! I've always believed that Carlyle got his dyspepsia from over-

eating. But the way authors rise above the mention, and even the memory, of such details! It's so grand that I often feel like bursting into tears."

"We will go to a restaurant," I replied, in a calm, even tone. Then I loudly exclaimed: "We will go to Sherry's if you like."

"No, Ned," said Alice, clutching at my arm. "I'm not well enough dressed, and, besides, Lily Valentine might see us."

"What of it if she should?" I petulantly asked. Here again was a consideration utterly foreign to the masculine mind.

"It would look queer." Then, before I had time to probe this statement, Alice went on: "Besides, Sherry's may be included in our social itinerary later. We'll go home and be Darby and Joan again."

I don't know why this remark hurt me, but Alice must have perceived that it did, for she at once became her best self again, her real self. When we reached home and assured ourselves that Mary was not there, we changed our raiment for some of our oldest clothes, and we prowled about in the kitchen, and, putting our heads together over the ice-chest, we gathered some chicken and fried bacon and salad and cheese. Then Alice made some coffee. As we ate, instead of sitting together at opposite ends of the table in the dignified propriety that we maintain before Mary, we sat side by side. I deliberately balanced a piece of bacon on my fork and held it before Alice's face.

"Are you sorry you married me?" I said, and Alice shook her head.

"Would you do it if you had it to do all over again?"

Alice nodded vigorously. Then she leaned forward and her lips closed around the bacon.

I suppose I was tired, and I've always known that I was sentimental. At any rate, for a minute or two I could n't see quite right, and we sat still holding each other's hand.

"Are n't we silly?" said Alice, and then we both laughed and we went on eating.

While we were at the salad, we both heard a shuffling of feet in the hall, and before we had time to cast at each other a look of alarm, the electric bell gave a long ring.

"One of the *literati*?" Alice asked in a shocked voice. At that moment the most friendly intruder was an enemy.

"No," I hopefully replied, "the *literati* never ring in that brazen manner. They're too timid and refined. It must be a messenger-boy."

Alice dashed into the kitchen to keep out of sight. "If I have to dress again to-day I shall die!" she exclaimed under her breath.

I opened the door, as people do when they dread invasion, slowly, covertly. At sight of a uniformed messenger-boy, however, I regained my composure, and I threw the door wide open. What a charm a messenger can have. He is even more fascinating than the post-man. They both suggest some unexpected luck that will change the whole aspect of life. The attraction they possess for us lasts when so many other illusions have faded. It survives even the knowledge that the really great blessings of life almost never result from chance.

I was so pleased with this train of thought that I must have gazed absently at the letter. At any rate, before I had time to read the address, Alice shouted over my shoulder, "It's for me," and she drew it from my hand. When she had torn open the envelope and read the note she said, "M'm!"

"More Society?" I asked.

"It's from Letty Henderson." As Alice walked into the dining-room, I followed and she held up the note so that I might let my eyes run over it.

#### MY DEAREST ALICE:

I forgot to ask you this afternoon if you would n't let me drive down for you to-morrow morning. So I'm going to take for granted that you will. It will be a tight squeeze for three in our little *coupé* but I will make myself as small as possible.

Mamma was so pleased when I told her about my luncheon to-day that she wants very much to meet you and Mr. Foster. She says she hopes you

will both come back here with me in the afternoon and eat a simple dinner.

Affectionately yours,

LETTY.

When I had finished reading, I remarked: "Well, you've made a hit with her all right. But how about that dinner?"

"Oh, it will be a simple dinner," Alice replied, in a tone that suggested her thoughts were on other things.

"Yes, that fact has already been mentioned. And, of course, it makes the prospect all the more alluring, though in the matter of simplicity we can give the Hendersons cards and spades."

"We sha'n't even have to dress, and we can leave by half-past eight."

"A day gone out of my life," I tragically lamented. "Still," I went on, determined to be philosophical, "after Ardsley I shall be a wreck anyway."

"Now," said Alice, in her most lilt-ing manner, "this is really providential. After Mary attends to the wash, she won't have any dinner to get, and she can go to her sister's in Hoboken."

"That, of course, is the strongest argument you have advanced so far. Let us break up our home, let us work any graft, so long as the result is propitious to Mary."

"Oh, Ned," Alice pleaded, "you've been so good to-day up to this minute." She waited to make sure that the shot had hit a vital part. Then, seeing that she had completely reduced me, she continued, pleasantly: "Of course, it's perfectly plain what Letty Henderson's up to. If we drive to the Holland House with her, she will have the feeling that she can cling to us every minute. That mother of hers is just forcing her to go, though I can see the poor girl just dreads putting in a whole day with that dreadful Teddy."

"Oh, what partisans you women are!"

"And then, our going with her like that makes it easy for us to meet her mother in that informal way."

"So you think the old lady does n't really want us?"

"Certainly she wants us. She wants to see what we are like."

"Alice!" I said, impressively.

"What?"

"If men knew the insidious complications of feminine life do you suppose that any man would ever dare to get married?"

Alice superciliously lifted her eyebrows. "And do you suppose that if any woman knew how positively thick the brightest man can be at a critical time, do you suppose she'd ever accept a proposal?"

An uneasy shuffling in the hall diverted my mind from the task of replying.

"We've forgotten the messenger," I said.

"I sha'n't keep him two minutes."

Alice passed the messenger her note without showing it to me. When the boy had gone, we both took our seats at the table again; but somehow everything was different. It seemed a long time since our intense happiness in being alone together over the meal.

At ten o'clock we heard Mary stealthily entering the house. I often wonder why, on returning from her absence, she invariably enters like a thief in the night. Alice always refuses to investigate. The consciousness of Mary's presence roused Alice to prepare feverishly for the next day, and it was past midnight before we turned out the last light. Just what consumed so much time I should find it hard to explain. In fact, when I reflect upon Alice's activities, I am astonished that she has so little leisure.

"Have you thought, my dear," I said, as the clock approached midnight, "how much time we waste over details?"

"Life consists of details," Alice epigrammatically responded.

"But we ought not to be overwhelmed by them," I weakly insisted.

"Still, there's such a thing as ignoring them altogether, and putting your own burdens on other people."

I saw that at this moment I was no match for Alice. I was sleepy, and she was in the state of nervous exhilaration that seizes on any pretext for

argument. I resolved to be politic, and, leaning back in my chair, with my head resting in my arm, I began to relax into unconsciousness.

"What are *you* going to wear?" said Alice.

I sat up with a start. "What?" I repeated, to gain time.

When I had heard the remark again I tried to rouse myself. "Oh, my blue serge will do."

Alice sniffed. "It needs to be pressed."

"Well, send Mary round the corner to the tailor's with it in the morning."

"What shoes?" Alice asked, her eyes shining. An observer might have imagined that we were discussing a matter of profound import.

"Shoes?" I asked, helplessly. Instantly I perceived that we had touched a topic fraught with danger. "Well, I have plenty of shoes," I foolishly remarked.

"Yes; they stand in a row half-way down our bed-room."

"We'll decide that question to-morrow."

"We'd better see if we can't decide it now," said Alice, with an alarming inflection. I suspected that she was becoming hysterical.

"There are my russet shoes," I hastily replied. "They're so tight that I've not dared to wear them more than two or three times. Do they look brand-new?"

"You'll be miserable in them all day long, and you'll keep telling me what agony you're enduring, and you'll spoil my day too. Besides, it's too late in the season for russet shoes."

"Well, my patent-leathers," I conceded, though I knew perfectly well this remark would simply complicate the discussion. I was simply fencing off the real matter at issue.

"Now you know perfectly well that your patent-leathers are utterly unfit for the country. You'd be ridiculous. Besides, they're cracked."

"How about my calf-shoes?" I meekly asked.

"The low ones?" Alice asked, with disgust in her tone. "Have you for-

gotten how I pleaded with you to have the heels tapped weeks ago?"

"My darling," I said, appealingly, "of the dozen or more pairs of shoes that ornament one side of our bedroom, I cannot think of a pair that can withstand your searching criticism. If you expect to go through life——"

Alice stopped up her ears with two fingers. "Oh, let us not get into a morass of words!"

I waited indignantly till she had removed her fingers. By this time I had decided not to explode, but to meet Alice on her own plane. "Let us go and look at the shoes," I boldly remarked, and I entered the bedroom. For the next few minutes we grovelled on the floor examining the shoes. When we had finished Alice said: "What a pity it is shoemakers don't go about as seamstresses do. We could keep one busy for a week."

I scrambled up from the floor, slapping my hands to remove the dust. "Have the whole lot thrown out of the house!" I said. "Of course, it does n't make any difference to you whether I like old shoes or not. You don't care how much my poor feet suffer as long as I put up a front that does credit to you. Now, to-morrow morning the first thing, I'll go out and buy the most expensive shoes I can find. They'll make me miserable all day long, and I shall wish the Van Zandts and all their friends in hell a hundred times before we get back. But no matter, as long as it makes you happy!"

Alice sank on the bed, pressed her face into one of the pillows, and cried. I looked at her despairingly, resisting an impulse to give the row of shoes a kick that would send them flying all over the room. At last, to my own amazement, I heard myself uttering this oracular remark: "The details of life are going to beat us. They are going to destroy our happiness." Then I thought of those heavenly moments at supper; they seemed now to belong to another life.

It probably was my oracular remark that caused Alice to sit up. "There must be something the matter with

me," she said, pressing her handkerchief against her eyes and then gazing into it as if she were praying. "At first, when you began this way, I used to think it was just peculiar to you. I used to think you were different from other men because you were literary. But now I see that you are just ordinary. All women probably have to go through what I do. Only I have n't learned to be patient."

"Alice," I said, and I had never in my life spoken more earnestly, "I will do exactly what you say in this trifling matter of shoes. I will do it willingly, cheerfully——"

She made a gesture of hopeless impatience, and I could hardly believe my ears when she said: "Wear the russet shoes. You are always dreadful when your feet are bothering you."

"Yes, it seems to affect my head," I assented, with a silly effort to infuse humor into the discussion.

Alice paid no heed to my remark. "Do you want me to leave the note for Mary?" she asked, and observing the bewildered expression in my eyes, she explained: "We'll have to send those clothes to the tailor's by seven o'clock at the latest or we shall keep Letty Henderson and the others waiting. It will be awful if you get into one of your stews just as we are about to start."

I bowed my head in meek submission. "'I will in all my best obey you, Madam,'" I said in my finest Shakespearean manner.

"Then write, in a large, round hand, with wide spaces between the words, 'Please take to tailor's right off. Must have them back by eight o'clock.'"

"What's the use of writing?" I asked, and I quickly added: "You'll probably be up at five anyway, and you'll tell Mary about the clothes long before she has time to read the note."

That was a stupid blunder. I can offer no excuse for it. It was merely the usual masculine effort, doomed to failure, to thwart an elemental feminine impulse. With the air of a deeply wronged woman Alice walked to my desk and I followed. The note to

Mary she printed on a piece of copy-paper in a large hand, and, returning to the bedroom, she drew my blue-serge suit from the wardrobe, pinned the paper to the waistcoat, and disappeared with the bundle into the darkness at the back of the house. I listened intently till she returned. There was a curious expression in her eyes, and I waited for her to speak.

"Mary's door was closed," she said. "She usually leaves it open."

I stood motionless.

"She was breathing very heavily."

I nodded. "We've observed her breathing before, dearest. We've often spoken of the power of her breath. In the deep watches of the night it comes to me like a bugle-blast."

"This time it is different," Alice said, significantly. "It is n't merely sound. It's——"

"I've got it!" I exclaimed in a whisper. I have always prided myself on the keenness of my senses. I have often noted the instant when a clock has stopped in a room, and as for——

"What is it?" Alice asked, gazing at my alarmed eyes.

"If I am not mistaken, it is the odor of a very bad brand of Scotch."

Alice convulsively drew her hands together. "And to-morrow—think of leaving her in the house to-morrow! I must n't let her go to Hoboken."

"No. She's probably come straight from there. We'll have to keep her at home. But she'll be sorry in the morning and she'll work all the harder."

"Is n't it terrible?" said Alice, and in this situation I had the comfortable feeling that she was leaning on me.

"Let's forget it," I said.

Secretly I felt grateful to Mary for the distraction she provided from our petty cares. It was a great relief to me to find that we had a real problem to face in our household. As for Alice, I believe that at heart she too was just as pleased, though if I had made the charge she would have indignantly denied it. She welcomed any incident in her domestic routine that introduced the element of drama.

It must have been the soothing influence of Mary's indiscretion that caused Alice to drop off quickly to sleep.

When I woke in the morning the sun was shining into my room, and from the sounds in the apartment I knew that life had been stirring there for a long time. I looked at my watch, hanging from my waistcoat at the side of my bed, according to a habit left over from my bachelor-life, and I found that it was nearly half-past eight o'clock. I leaped from the bed and the first thing I noticed was a neat little pile of beautifully pressed clothes lying on a chair. At sight of it I felt one of those impulses of joy and gratitude that to me are one of the greatest blessings of married life. How good Alice was! What would life be without her! I resolved in future to try to be kind to her in every way, and I grieved at the unfortunate disposition that put me so often in the wrong with her. I proceeded at once to im-

prove my character by getting ready for breakfast as fast as possible. I was just adjusting my four-in-hand tie when Alice, in one of her prettiest cloth dresses, with the stamp of the fashionable tailor all over it, entered the room. She smiled at me approvingly and held up her lips to be kissed.

"How 's Mary?" I asked.

"A little more respectful and humble than usual. She offered of her own accord to make you some cream-toast."

"Do you think she suspects we 've noticed anything?"

Alice shook her head. "I 've planned a day for her that will keep her busy. It seemed a pity to let any of her enthusiasm go to waste. Among other things, she 's going to clean out your den. Oh, don't be afraid," she hurriedly exclaimed, "I 've warned her not to touch the papers."

(To be continued)

## The American Chloe

By MEDLIAN BOWER

"Cette femme ne peut pas être aimée. Elle n'a pas besoin d'être aimée."

MR. HENRY JAMES'S Daisy Miller took the world in her own way,—quite in her own way,—first at Vevey and then in Rome, with the civilization of the Old World for a contrasting background. Daisy Miller as I knew her had for her setting one of those summer hotels which, in their distinctive features, seem to be limited to the other side of the Atlantic.

The young lady is queen of the place. Mademoiselle, and the wants of Mademoiselle, and the likes and dislikes of Mademoiselle, stand first.

It was the Empire of Youth at the "Haymakers' House," of unadulterated pleasure and irresponsibility. The young lady was bent on having a good time; but it was all to be play. There was no *arrière-pensée* in her gaiety; that underlying thought of an estab-

lishment which is the foundation of so much pleasing and being pleased in older civilizations was conspicuous by its absence.

They mostly do marry ultimately. How they look when that is to be the end I often wondered, but had no opportunity of judging.

Matrimony is not the first aim of the American girl. Spinsterhood has so many compensations that, looked at as a matter of expediency, a husband is not a necessity. The "plain gold ring" brings her no more freedom than she has hitherto enjoyed; it sometimes ties her with responsibilities, while it, in a way, puts her aside, since the pursuit of the young married woman has not become the fashion in trans-Atlantic circles of which I am writing.

If matrimony has not too many material advantages for the ladies of the "land of emancipation," neither does anything within their own natures drive

them towards it. The American girl does not regard it, like the *jeune fille* in France, as the hall-mark of her success as a woman. She does not admit that all else is but second-best, as the majority of English do; she does not go placidly but persistently towards it as her one hope of importance, as Fräulein does. She certainly does not sentimentalize about it. It was not of her that Byron wrote "love is a woman's whole existence." She looks on that as a thing which may come or may not, which perhaps, on the whole, she would rather be without, since it might impair that quality on which she prides herself greatly—her clearness and independence of judgment. You hear no whisper of that complaint which goes up more often than one perhaps realizes on this side of the Atlantic, and which maintains that feminine nature has not fulfilled itself unless it experiences wifehood and motherhood. It even happens from time to time that a woman is at no pains to hide the conviction that she, as a woman, has condescended when she conveys the favor on a man of marrying him. The habit one frequently hears of a woman's addressing her husband to his face as Mr. So-and-So seems to epitomize this. Should he speak of the contract of matrimony as though it were the latest deal in rails or timber, Madame does not reprove him, which she certainly would do had the expression displeased her.

The American can love sometimes. But a glowing passion as distinguished from a calm preference is not recognized as the necessary basis—in theory, *bien entendu*—of the matrimonial union, as it is with us.

I recollect one instance, when a woman had regarded riches and place well lost for love, that her friend, in telling me of it, concluded: "But then Caroline always was so unpractical."

The "summer girl"—for there is a term ready coined by which to describe her—oftentimes so beautiful, nearly always dainty in her muslin gowns and her sun-bonnets, frequently fades fast. Her empire commences when her European sister has still many years of

the schoolroom before her. She is sometimes *dans le train* at fourteen. The heyday of her attractiveness is from sixteen to twenty. To our eyes, especially when she comes from the South, she is old before she is young. Her toilet assists that impression. The girlish in dress, the girlish in manner, appears to be unknown, save in the few cases where she has been brought up with what are termed "European ideas"; and then, like all converts, her guardians are apt to overdo it. The girl is so shielded, so sheltered, so chaperoned and surrounded with "refinement," that she is driven in upon herself, and, since her race individuality must work on something, she becomes self-analytical to an extent which is unparalleled.

But not the most seriously minded of these girls likes to be unattended. She is by no means the *farouche* maiden who scorns men. Tennyson's Princess would find no disciples in her ranks. If she is a "bright girl," is there not a "bright boy" to match her?—and the two gravitate together. To do the "bright boy" justice, he does not distrust brains in a woman; indeed, he is rather proud of being associated with them. But then attention is not called to feminine ability by untidy heads, unbecoming gowns, and ill-shaped shoes, as it is supposed to be with us.

Ticket the summer girl with what label you will, a young man is a necessary part of her programme. She would "feel badly"—or rather her pride would—had she no special friend, some one who will walk with her, golf with her, dance with her, bring her "candy," refresh her with ice-cream sodas at that drug-store which seems to sell most things in preference to medicines.

The liberty Mademoiselle enjoys with her "boy," who treats her entirely *en bon camarade*, is astonishing.

Perhaps they begin the day by breakfasting together after their elders leave the table. He plays tennis with her in the morning, bathes with her in the noonday heat, in the afternoon drives her in a buggy, waltzes almost exclusively with her in the evening,

takes her to sit out among the trees—and there they remain. Long after the band has ceased to play it is possible that still she will be rocking amid the whispering leaves, with the rush of the river coming up from the ravine below, with the stars sparkling in the purple darkness above her head.

And he will be by her side. By her side, mind, merely that. To neither of them will it be anything but an episode of those July days. They will part when the time comes with no more regret than he will feel at saying adieu to the "boys" with whom he will play poker when finally she has gone to bed. To her the evening, and he himself, will be but one among many similar experiences. In current English slang, "There is nothing at all in it."

I recollect one of those glorious evenings, when the cool stillness was particularly grateful after a day during which the thermometer had indulged in aspirations towards three figures, that I was sitting on the veranda opening out of my room in company with an American friend.

We had just decided that it was "too lovely" to retire, though most of the windows were darkened and not a soul was in sight, when two women and a man, middle-aged all, came out of the hotel to return to their little wooden summer cottage in a species of hooded wagonette which was awaiting them.

The mother of the party hesitated. "Say," she demanded, "where is Saidie?"

No one seemed to know where Saidie was, and no one seemed at all disconcerted by her absence. As the young lady was evidently not there, they sat down to await her.

The clocks in the village tolled the hour with twelve long strokes. Paterfamilias pulled his waistcoat lower over his ample person, lighted a cigar, and expectorated with philosophy. Momma and Auntie filled up the time with an animated discussion on the merits of various brands of "canned peaches."

At length two figures emerged from the shadow of the trees, sauntered up the sidewalk, and Saidie and her boy presented themselves.

"Well," she began, by way of greeting; and then, when she had leisure to think of the possibility: "Say! Have we kept you waiting?"

Auntie ceased to advocate "Lemon Clings," and began to make shrill inquiries of the young man relative to the progress of Christian science in his "city."

She fell upon him with such swiftness that she must have been awaiting her opportunity for days.

Presently Momma scrambled into the wagonette, and somewhat tartly intimated to her middle-aged sister that she was ready. Auntie "hustled up"; Poppa deposited his large bulk slowly on to a seat which creaked beneath the process—but Saidie? Saidie, after all that waiting for her, elected that she would walk home, and that her boy should escort her.

Off they started, up those plank sidewalks, with the scent of a hundred roses and countless starry jasmine flowers rising to greet them with each step of their way, they perhaps the only wayfarers through that silent, peerless night.

I have since been told that the only surprising thing about the episode was the presence of the elders, and that it would have been quite *comme il faut* had Saidie sauntered down with a girl companion.

I turned in surprise.

"Is that usual?" I asked of my friend.

"I don't know," she confessed; "I never did it myself. You see Mamma had European ideas about my bringing-up. That girl is from Cleveland, and he is just out of college, but his home is in Vermont, and I don't know either of their cities. Besides, they are quite common people, I should think."

The next morning I was sufficiently curious to watch the parting, for I knew that he was leaving. Saidie hardly hurried up from the bathing stage, whither she had been accompanied by a new candidate for the position of "her boy." There was a handshake as the former one stood by his "valise" on the sidewalk; there was no word of future meetings; they both of them

remarked, for the benefit of the world at large, that they had had a good time. That was all they asked. The light words concealed nothing deeper. There had been no tender *adieu à deux* under the stars the previous evening.

Saidie nodded cheerfully as he entered the hotel omnibus; he waved quite as much to the group of boys as to her. The horses had hardly started on their leisurely trot before she turned and took her towels from the friend of the morning. She sat down on the wooden steps of the veranda, intimated that her new boy might hold her hairpins while she rolled the long fair locks, that had hitherto flowed over her shoulders to dry, into a knot. Then she expressed her willingness to seal the new conditions by responding to his suggestion that she should lunch with him in the hotel.

"Suppose you ask Doris [pronounced as though the *o* were doubled], and if Billy [pronounced *Burly*] comes too that will fix it," she added.

Sometimes Mademoiselle plays tennis, and then she makes a business of it, travelling hither and thither, from Cincinnati to Toronto, from New York to Chicago, appearing at tournament fixtures with a persistency which would receive the ugly name of "pot-hunting" with us. But no one holds it up against her. "Whatever your hand findeth to do, do that with all your might and on every occasion," is a version of the Biblical precept universally in favor.

How hard she works, with what an expenditure of energy does she gain these trophies — shields, or cups, or sugar basins, hardly ever feminine gewgaws!

"Would not a watch or bracelet be more suitable?" I asked the secretary, as he showed me a display of prizes, among which I could only distinguish those for the ladies by their tickets.

"The girls like cups best," came the answer; "they keep them in their rooms and show them to other girls," and I saw that I ought to have understood that these were certificates of proficiency, not adornments.

It is part of the same earnestness

which makes her practise over the net so many hours a day as regularly as a virtuoso runs scales up and down his pianoforte. She plays in the heat, with that scorching sun upon her. Her endurance is marvellous. Talk about the English girl's staying power, it cannot outrival the American tennis girl's. She plays a game which is harder than the average man's. There is not a technicality she does not understand. She smashes her service in a way that makes one smile when one recollects the gentle, slow balls it used to be considered chivalrous for Adonis to drop before the weaker sex. She bewails her lack of judgment as though it were a serious moral dereliction if she takes a ball that her critics decide would otherwise have gone out. She plays in a costume appropriate to her view of the game. She is either hatless—under that sun—or if her own is not handy she borrows any hat gear from an acquaintance, masculine or feminine, which will crush down over her brow. Should her blouse be decorated with a collar, she takes it off on the court before she commences to play; if the said garment has not short sleeves to begin with, she rolls them up to make them so. She wears laced, spiked shoes, and she lifts her foot to have the mud scraped from the spaces left on the sole as much as a matter of course as she drinks iced water between the games. Her petticoats, too, are somewhat shorter than a kilt, and as she plays with much energy and a nonchalance with regard to appearances, one wonders if she would not have been rather better for a divided skirt.

But through everything, whether it be victory or defeat, at the beginning of the day or at the end, she is smiling, good-tempered, remarkably fair. She can even see good points in the girls from other clubs; the gibe about the feminine inclination to cheapen will not hold good with her. She has a sportsman's admiration for stamina, coupled with some of his optimism with regard to luck.

"Well, maybe it will be my turn when I meet you next week at the Springs," was the answer of the van-

quished after a hard-fought set of singles, as the two shook hands in the proper masculine fashion.

Mademoiselle golfs just as energetically. All day long, if the whim takes her that way, she toils round the links, driving almost as hard as her "boy," principally anxious to get round more holes than yesterday, jubilant if she beats her record on the eighteen.

If the heat inconveniences her, again it is the collar that is sacrificed, and, if she is careful about appearances, this time she may go so far as to turn in the attachment band of her "shirt-waist" until it forms a "V" at her throat.

But always she rolls up her sleeves, regardless of the fact that the sun is blistering her arms or turning them chestnut brown. To play games with one's cuffs about one's wrists appears to be about as much out of place in her eyes as to go for a walk unaccompanied by his terrier did to that collier, who intimated to his "pal," the day after the demise of his tyke, that on that afternoon he must stay in the house, because "a man looked such a bonny fool walking on a Sunday without a dog."

Sometimes the lady rows, sometimes the lady fishes, and then she will go out in the early hours of the morning, while the rest of the hotel sleeps, and her boy will be awaiting her at the landing stage. Together they will betake themselves to the fishing-grounds, where the lake begins to widen out into its mighty sheet of water, and there they will remain until one or the other is minded to return.

The summer hotel is the paradise of the unconventional. "In summer we only think of amusing ourselves," you are told. Each one does as he pleases. And so they do, even to the iron-bound matter of costume. It may occur to Mademoiselle to show her shoulders and to deck her hair with a ribbon or a rose; but she will not think anything of dancing one waltz with a partner in tennis flannels, the next two-step with another in evening dress, while the third may have retained the red jacket which distinguishes the golfer. The whole community goes gloveless. "We

wear them in the winter or when the garrison is at the Fort," they explain carefully, that you should not think them behindhand with their civilization.

To dance unusually well is a great feat in a land where all dance, and where the youth who is superior to the amusement is practically unknown. They dance at all seasons, on the smallest provocation,—bald-headed men, stout men, the mother of many children, the children themselves.

But oh! the ubiquity of the American child. From dawn until long past eve you hear its shrill clamor. When we landed, the announcement in the first hotel I stopped in, "Children are forbidden to make playrooms of the corridors," afforded me much amusement; but I soon thought gratefully of that management. There was no notion of rendering children unobtrusive. I never heard one bidden to make less noise for fear of disturbing its elders. Instead, you heard them everywhere, you saw them everywhere.

The literature in the hands of the average girl is another amazing thing. A friend once assured me that Mademoiselle would read one of two things—either historical novels dealing with her own country, or a book which cantered through the Decalogue.

Though that may be an extreme way of stating the case, you certainly do see them turning over the leaves of books which a Frenchwoman would call *très avancés* and which would cause the hair of Madame to turn gray if she saw them in the hands of her unmarried daughters. If the bookstall man at the "Haymakers' House" had been possessed of the curiosity to keep an account, I believe the result would show that the book most frequently sold to feminine readers this particular summer was Tolstoi's "Resurrection."

The girls discuss these books quite openly. But they do it with a curious detachment. Each incident seems to be regarded as a moral, physical, or psychological question. Now, there is nothing so dear to the heart of the American ladies as a "question." They worry it as a terrier worries a rat.

There is no one who has not thought thereon, and if the fair philosopher does not exactly seek to parade the result of her reflection, she has no intention of allowing any one to think her destitute of ideas, and, of course, if she has them she talks about them. Silent assimilation appears to be unknown.

"I thought you got nothing out of it. You had nothing to say about that lecture when we came out," was an American comment to an English-woman, whose training had taught her to allow newly acquired knowledge to simmer silently.

Again, with regard to these books, is the American girl's absence of sentimentality visible. The suggestions of an overpowering passion cause her no heart flutterings. She reads such descriptions quite carefully, not because she likes them, but that she may estimate the weight of their evidence. They leave her quite cold. She proceeds to analyze their symptoms as a doctor diagnoses an obscure case of typhoid.

But if she does not shrink from discussing such matters with any one who may wish to talk about them, there is all the difference in the world between her and the lady who boasts that all secrets are revealed to her. I never heard of an American who thought to shock into admiration; they have no desire to skate on thin ice, that a man may follow them over it. The *double entendre* is unknown in their conversation. Vice interests this girl greatly, because she can propound such a variety of theories about it; but I never met one it fascinated.

The fast woman is conspicuous by her absence. There was only one that I can recollect who could possibly be included in that catalogue, and then she seemed to be less a spider to unwary flies than a fly herself in the hands of three or four overfed men, bloated of body, mixed of nationality, brutal of type, who represented the coarse, sensual, lucre-worshipping—as distinct from legitimate money-making element—which undoubtedly exists in the American cities.

The young men and boys, the foolish

flies one might have looked to buzz around, passed her by. Summer girls, summer play, nothing so serious as that woman's painted face and large staring eyes for them.

The intellectuality, too, of the American girl, while it is tempered by numberless shades, retains its national characteristics. It is, above all things, a part of her, not an assumed garment. Culture, since she has more time to devote to it, is even more the idol of the American girl than of the American man. He seems to regard the fruits of it as his, the actual possession of it as hers. She certainly acts up to this idea. She is forever trying to cram more and more assimilation into her twenty-four hours. The philosopher's declaration that a day in which he had acquired no new notion was a day lost is entirely her view.

"When I get through with a holiday I feel real used up," such a woman once explained to me. "If I came home and heard of a place of interest that I had neglected to visit, I should feel so badly that I always go round until I'm just sick."

The intellectual girl may be divided into two branches. The first makes culture an absolutely concrete matter. She glories in figures, thrives on statistics, a technical handbook is her delight. She sifts every scrap of evidence offered to her, and when she quotes an authority she mentions not only the chapter, but the page. She inclines rather to problems than to questions. She belongs to a Browning Society, to a Profitable Reading Society, to a debating club. A dogmatic difficulty, if only one presented itself to her, would be but the excuse for calling on the "prominent light" of the creed; but she has, as she herself terms it, "gotten through with that." She talks confidently of the categorical imperative, and maintains that conduct is the test of religion. One would imagine the last thing she would tolerate would be a superstitious tendency, and yet she has been seen at spiritualistic "seances."

The other intellectual girl is the most illusive, almost the only illusive type, in America. She has been educated to

the utmost, but with object lessons rather than by direct precept. She must of necessity come of rich parents, since the surrounding of her with nothing but what is beautiful and refined, from which she is perpetually encouraged to read their lessons for herself, is the first principle of her upbringing.

In pursuance of this idea, her taste has been cultivated among the Old Masters in Italy, her wit in the "salons" of Paris, her breeding in the "best houses" in England. I once met her "feeding her mind" on the beauties of Switzerland, in company with a Dresden china teacup, "because the thick hotel-ware hurt her, it was so inappropriate."

It has been so impressed upon her that she must not fall below her surroundings that she cannot enjoy anything with pure enjoyment. *Laisser-faire* is a verb that has been banished from her dictionary. She might have been brought up exclusively on the parable of the talents, so anxious does she appear to avoid the condemnation of him that had but one. *Elle s'écoute trop*. Not as we usually employ the term, making it synonymous with selfishness, but in an examining way. She is undoubtedly more than a little morbid. She asks herself too many times a day if this or that is good for her character. She wonders whether she is making the most of her time; she is forever uncertain whether she rises proportionately to her opportunities; she reproaches herself that her performance falls so far below her intentions. She has the uplifting of her standard so much in view that she robs herself of spontaneity.

She regards society as distinctly hollow, and mixes little with it. She ponders much over the world and the trouble therein. She has been through numberless dogmatic difficulties, she has studied most problems, has turned to several philosophies, has given a trial to most of those creeds which an irrev-

erent Tommy Atkins once lumped together as "fancy religions," and now, before her twenties are out, she most likely sleeps with "Omar Khayyam" under her pillow.

In appearance she is everything that the accepted idea of an American is not. Her voice is low, gentle; her words, which do not come too readily, are admirably chosen, and convey to a shade the thing which she wishes to say. The national positiveness is tempered by a gesture of appeal, by the preface, "As far as I have been able to learn." She is polished to a degree, courteous to a fine shade. She has a sweet, gentle, melancholy face, a manner that is charming.

Her dress is so suggestive of herself that it is worthy of note. She affects soft drapery, clinging tissues, dainty laces, half-tones. In a land of appeal to color she keeps to neutral tints. She is an excellent friend, a stimulating companion, and yet she leaves behind her—and I have known her three or four times over—a feeling of sadness. Perhaps if one saw her Dresden cup cracked and chipped on a cottage table, one might think of it in the same way. She is the very opposite of that embarrassing sister who asks one questions. Whether a burning curiosity or a thirst for knowledge is at the bottom of the catechism it is equally awful. You cannot escape. The invariable beginning, "How do you like our country?" is followed by the most leading questions.

I remember sitting once under such an inquisitor and wondering if a single reticence would be allowed me. After half an hour of this the lady rose.

"I should like to have Momma come," she said. "Momma is of a very inquiring mind. I don't begin to collect information where Momma comes in."

I looked ahead. I saw, bearing down on me, a middle-aged, sharp-nosed replica of my tormentor, and I rose—and fled.

## Books of To-day and Books of To-morrow

DEAR BELINDA,

I have no map with me, so I hardly know at the moment of writing where I am. I am quite happy, so latitude and longitude don't matter. Give me plenty of latitude, that is all I ask, and the longitude may look after itself. The sea and rocks are before me, and innumerable French people are bathing—the women holding each other's hands and trying to be brave—the men, as ever, showing off their gigantic strength and fearless prowess—the fat ones of both sexes providing much humor to the spectator. I wish women would wear black stockings when they bathe. They look so much nicer. To feel far away from London is the best stimulus to reading. London fogs one's vision and prevents concentration. London, it is true, occasionally provides intuitions, but the country and solitude are necessary to show these intuitions in their right light and give them a proper value. The fogs of London are something more than atmospheric. One needs the sunshine of the country to see things, and above all every one needs now and then to be alone. Parties of one person are excellent and stimulating.

Books, one hears on all sides, have been injured by Bridge and other games. Books are too permanent a factor in the lives of intelligent people ever to fear the rivalry of games. The best of all indoor games is the game of books. This is the oldest of games. At certain times in the year outdoor life very rightly asserts its just claims, and indoor games, including books, have to take a more retiring position. To understand this we must look round and say: "Here is a great nursery, and the public is like a great big family of wayward babies, saying: We will have new games, we will have new fashions and new favorites, we will have new friends, and we will visit new places." The only thing that does n't change in social life is its changeableness. The children of this nursery can never nurse all their dolls at one time. The new

doll for a time is a favorite, but the old doll comes out in a new dress before long. In books and in literature, two very different things, there are strong elements of self-preservation. In all good things there are the same elements of self-preservation. Books have nothing to fear. Few men, it is true, collect books all their lives, though the man or the woman who has been caught young, and has learned the joys of books between the ages of fifteen and twenty-five, is never likely to lose the love. When we hear from weary-minded folk that there is nothing to read, it only means that no new light has happened to arise in the literary firmament and that the babies of the nursery are tired of some of the playthings which have been thrust upon them.

A well-known lady novelist has lately been complaining that a certain type of book has too great a vogue. She blames the bookshops. She would wish, no doubt, to see the bookshops filled with her books alone. The bookshops are powerless. People wish to be amused in various ways, but all those various ways are their own ways. To expect the majority to be born with an appreciation of masterpieces is too much. The volumes that are filled with tremendous love are not necessarily bad. The novel of fervent love will always be preferred to that which is adulterated with German philosophy. Love rules the world and solves many of its problems. The conquests of German philosophy in this direction are not numerous. It would appear that a book may have as many high-class murders as it can possibly contain, and pass without criticism, but high-class love affairs must not be encouraged. The bad books are really the stupid books. It is impossible to divide books into those which are well written and those which are badly written, but you may divide them with great reason into those which are clever and those which are stupid. Many clever books are badly written,

but if a book is dull nothing can redeem it. We do not always condemn a clever man because his manners are not quite perfect, but we do condemn a man who is stupid. To suffer fools gladly is not easy. Most books contain something worth remembering, and every one should try to mix a little of his own brains with that of the author he is reading, and never condemn too readily. Much criticism today is mere peevishness, the result of disappointment.

Many writers begin exceedingly well and achieve rapid success with one, two, or three books which are genuinely amusing. But to amuse, they think, is not enough. Their next step is to try to instruct. Now, if there is one thing which every one resents more than another it is instruction. But the discontented novelist thinks tragedy is in his or her line, and these misguided ones steep themselves in Tolstoi and Turgenev. But to do this as a preparation for writing great books will no more produce the atmosphere of tragedy than the reading of books of etiquette produces the atmosphere of a gentleman. Aspire by all means. Hitch your wagon to a star, but don't flounder out of your depth before you can swim. Keep to simple things. A poet once said of another poet: "He will not go far, he has not found the secret. What secret? That of describing objects of real interest—fathers, mothers, husbands, wives, children, lovers." Ennui under disappointment is a curse and a blister upon clarity of mind. The only tragedies which many authors have within them are the tragedies of their own disappointments.

The newspapers, it is true, just now contain nothing of enthralling interest, but that is not their fault. My sympathy is not for those who are dull; my sympathy is for those who are sick. Newspapers and books are as amusing as they can be, and people are more amusing than either. No one should be dull who can see his fellow-creatures, and read the tragedies, histories, and comedies written on their faces.

Books of maxims are the delight of the English reader, yet books of

English maxims are mostly as bad as they can be. The aphorism is the product of France, or of a mind essentially French. La Rochefoucauld wrote maxims, and no one has ever equalled the quality of their style and point. Books of English maxims rarely rise above the level of the extracts in a birthday book. The classic volume of English maxims is a rare product. The late "Sebastian Melmoth" possessed a most brilliant intellect, and wrote and spoke epigrams that are as good as any Frenchman's. Some sayings of his have just been issued, and perhaps no English writer ever put forth such an amusing collection of comments upon life. These epigrams are polished, paradoxical, and penetrating.

There are [says Melmoth] three kinds of despots. There is the despot who tyrannizes over the body; there is the despot who tyrannizes over the soul; there is the despot who tyrannizes over body and soul alike. The first is called the prince, the second is called the pope, the third is called the people.

Selfishness is not living as one wishes to live, it is asking others to live as one wishes to live; and unselfishness is letting other people's lives alone, not interfering with them.

If the lower classes don't set us a good example, what on earth is the use of them? They seem, as a class, to have absolutely no sense of moral responsibility.

As for begging, it is safer to beg than to take, but it is finer to take than to beg.

People teach in order to conceal their ignorance, as people smile in order to conceal their tears.

I choose my friends for their good looks, my acquaintances for their good characters, and my enemies for their good intellects.

Good intentions have been the ruin of the world. The only people who have achieved anything have been the people with no intentions at all.

I might go on filling pages with epigrams and fine passages from this little book. It contains no angry arguments, though its philosophy sets at defiance much that is commonplace and conventional. Bacon said: Some books are to be tasted, others to be swallowed, and some few to be chewed and digested; and he might have added, that some books are to be played with as well. A child might play with this book. It is an ideal book for grown-up

children. All parents should be brought up on it.

The *Daily Mail* lately printed an article on the increase of plainness, and *Mr. Punch*, taking up the matter, made it the subject of one of his symposia; and now Mr. F. C. Gould, whose pencil is worth to the Liberal party a hundred "Leaders," has been inquiring into the looks of certain public men, and advising them to do something to accentuate them. Lord Rosebery, for example, is counselled to adopt not only a moustache but an eyeglass, and a picture of him with these unwonted additaments is offered to add to the inducement. The moustache is to be "a little neat one, slightly turned up on each side, like Count von Bülow's." In the picture it is more like Mr. George Wyndham's. The eyeglass is to be on a better-known pattern—like Mr. Chamberlain's. Mr. Gould remarks: "It would not be a bad idea if political caricaturists were to form a sort of union, so that when a new figure comes to the front to be added to the stock, there shall be agreement as to the general lines of treatment, so as to avoid

confusion." As a matter of fact this is what caricaturists seem to do, without any formal allusion. I have seen Mr. Chamberlain many times, but he has never more than suggested a likeness to his portraits in the comic papers.

Concerning plainness or beauty, Mr. Bernard Shaw, in *Punch*, is made to utter a very revolutionary remark. "Suppose," he says (I quote from memory), "suppose we are all wrong, and what is called plainness is really beauty, and what is called beauty, plainness. Suppose the really handsome man is not Mr. George Wyndham, but Mr. George Robey!" Here is flat anarchy, if you like. Everything goes by the board with such reasoning as this. But what a chance it gives the plain woman! If the new standard were adopted, instead of the rush of the plain to Bond Street for aids to beauty, we should have the beautiful women rushing thither for anti-cosmetics. Your friend,

ARTHUR PENDENYS.

LONDON, September, 1904.

## The Editor's Clearing-House

### On the Marking of Books

In my *Inferno* I am going to have a special circle reserved for the Person who Marks Books. I drew the dear, old, caustic, wise, and witty "Autocrat of the Breakfast Table" from the public library last week.

The edition was a good one, and the little book was just the right size to hold easily in the hand; the print was clear; the margins were not too wide; the paper was of the right thickness and the book was not too fine to be companionable. Therefore I felt justified in anticipating a restful and delightful hour in the big arm-chair, before the wood-fire, with my delectable book.

Alas! Buy your books if you want to enjoy them in all their bloom and fragrance. The bloom was quite rubbed off from my peach, I assure you. I had barely turned the first page when I came upon the track of the Person who Marks Books, and on an average of every other page thereafter were the tracks

of this same monster. And such tracks! In such places! Of course the passages that one would mark himself *were the book his own* (I am sickened now, however, of ever marking even my own books) were not noticed, as a rule. The Person who Marks Books never does mark the markable passages. He (only I'm convinced it is she) marks the irrelevant, the commonplace, the things that every one knows and admits, and this particular "Person" of mine seemed to mark for the pure love of the act—anything and everything that came to hand. The nature of these marks reminded me of some of those silly little banal remarks in which the Greek Chorus occasionally indulged, and of the flattened feeling one had after working out the translation of some solemn-looking sentence in the Greek Tragedies to find that all one had gotten for his pains was something of this ilk—"For one who does not know, it is impossible to say"—and this, perchance, in response to some great cry of human anguish.

Only the Greek Chorus always atoned for such banalities later by its great, inspired invocations of the terrible gods, whereas the irritating, irrepressible, irresponsible "Person" is never inspired.

If it is a breach of courtesy to mark the books that one borrows—and the "Person" is ever borrowing—how much worse is it for him to deface a book taken from a public library, where he mars the pleasure and delight of countless suffering townsfolk!

I read, not long ago, that when Mr. Swinburne heard that some misguided individual had inserted a word in the text of Shelley's poems, he vented his indignation in the following manner:

"A thousand years of purgatorial fire would be insufficient expiation for the criminal on whose deaf and desperate head must rest the original guilt of defacing the text of Shelley with this most damnable corruption."

When I read that, I felt that Mr. Swinburne at least would be able adequately to arraign the Person who marks books

SARAH HASEROT.

#### **Concerning Certain Phases of Criticism**

Happy, thrice happy, is the author who lets go of Time's forelock in such an auspicious hour that no biographer may rifle his pockets and from the circumstantial evidence of their contents compose an apocryphal history of his victim. But unto few is it given to achieve fame and at the same time to pull the ladder of fame after them, so that no peepers or busybodies may crawl up its rungs and count the number of pegs or nails on the boot-soles of a departing celebrity. That Shakespeare was able to perform this feat with greater success than any other known author is perhaps only another proof of his unparalleled genius. Is there not, indeed, a hint of supernatural sagacity in greatness which can achieve itself so covertly that fewer details of the personal force behind it were made public than are furnished nowadays concerning our least erected American novelist, whoever he or she may be at this writing?

On second thoughts, however, it is evident that one should not attribute wholly to provident sagacity on Shakespeare's part the dearth of all those gossipy tidbits with which rumor loves to whet the biographical appetite of the modern reader. Had Shakespeare lived in our day—but that, as the geometries say, is manifestly absurd.

But to return to the realm of the possible and the actual, have we not—in reading

various comments upon literary and political celebrities, felt grave misgivings concerning that freedom of the press which often loses itself in discourteous abandon and cheap jocularity at somebody's expense?

While there may be no statutory limit to the penalty which a man must bear when once he is convicted of authorship, or political prowess—or both—yet here, as elsewhere, mercy becomes the throned critic better than his ill-earned crown. These strictures have, of course, no reference to an author's characters, or the general workmanship of his books. On these points, the critic may properly demand naught but justice and his bond. One may even condone the dark longings of the reviewer who wished to "wring the willowy necks" of Mrs. Humphry Ward's heroines. But when the critic passes from the consideration of the author's books to the author himself, is he not bound to respect—if he is a gentleman—the same laws of courtesy and kindness which a gentleman observes in all his intercourse with his fellows? To cite a definite instance, when one reads in so-called literary journals the oft-recurring quips and facetious speculations concerning the age of certain women who live by their pens, are we not reminded of Lamb's essay on Modern Gallantry, especially the paragraph in which he says that he shall believe gallantry to be something more than a name "when a well-dressed gentleman in a well-dressed company can advert to the topic of female old age without exciting or intending to excite a sneer"?

Among English journalists more than among us, this antique jest is apparently kept in perennial bloom, affording another instance of that touching constancy with which an Englishman cherishes anything upon which he has bestowed his affections.

Again, some harmless conceit, foible, or idiosyncrasy on the part of an author will serve to initiate a well-nigh endless series of jests and gibes that follow the law of inertia which applies to things moving as well as to those in a state of rest. To the great volume of trivial and unkind literary tittle-tattle the largest additions are made by the well-disposed sheep who—without ill intent—jump over whatever fence they see other sheep jumping over. If it be the fashion to be funny at the expense of Miss Sadie Dorelli or Mr. Pritchard Mavis, the jokes that can be wanded into existence concerning those two authors will rival in number the inexhaustible series which celebrate the characteristics of pawn-brokers and mothers-in-law.

Among writers and readers the opinion seems to prevail that most public characters are quite callous to printed thrusts, or, if they are not, that it is the pleasant duty and privilege of the press to make them so. But the heaviness of heart and the embitterment of life wrought by inky inquisitors, who can know? "Cruelty in its gross and outward forms," says Robertson, "we have in good measure suppressed; but the refined cruelty of the bitter word is not yet extinct."

But there are other reasons besides the consideration of the victim's feelings which should check the custom of seizing upon some one idiosyncrasy of a public character and forever harping upon it. First of all, such a procedure interferes with any just estimate of a celebrity, for no character can be adequately represented by one characteristic, though the public—all too willing to do its thinking vicariously—finds it a great saving of time to have a label of some kind affixed to every noted man. To furnish such labels is the dear delight of the witty wag and paragrapher, who knows how convenient it is for the reader to have his celebrities tagged.

Finally, it must be admitted that the temptation to wag and to tag, to the man who has gifts in that direction, cannot be measured by one whose abstinence is rather due to mental incapacity than to moral perspicacity. So it is most sympathetically that one would admonish the jester to write upon his tablets for the New Year the resolution to refrain from all funnycisms which he would not like to see published at his own expense. This is, of course, the application of a very old rule, but has the world made any improvements upon it up to date?

ELLEN BURNS SHERMAN.

### *Our Fancied Mental Props*

She is a well-known club woman, a brilliant public speaker, in fact a woman endowed with more than one person's share of the desirable talents and accomplishments, who first set me thinking of what we mortals deem wholly indispensable to us as "mental props," in the ever-changing current of our lives.

This woman is of average height, but by gathering her wavy brown hair into a fluffy coil on the top of her head and surmounting that with a high shell comb, she gives the impression of being quite tall.

One evening she started off to give a reading at a benefit performance. Happening to put

her hand to her head to rearrange the lace veil designed to keep her hair in order, she cried out, "Stop the carriage! I have forgotten my comb, and I am simply insignificant without it; totally lacking in dignity and stage presence," she explained as the footman was dispatched hastily for the comb, and the carriage moved slowly on to its destination. The reading was fifteen minutes late, but the reader with her restored "mental prop" and dignity was well worth waiting to hear.

So it is with us all, we each have the need of our mental "prop." One woman tells me that when she wishes to give decided orders to her cook, she always puts on her hat and gloves, then as she floats into the kitchen surrounded by a cloud of dignity and courage, she feels equal to the occasion.

A prominent artist says that anything that makes him feel less tall is a prop to him, such as being surrounded by other very tall people.

A concert violinist says that with a coat so comfortably loose as to leave freedom for the arms, and with a firm grasp upon his violin, he feels he can defy the world.

Good and well-fitting clothes are props to us all and bring about a certain confidence in ourselves, a sort of mental pat-you-on-the-back which says, "Brace up, old boy, the shell is perfect; let's hear from the kernel."

The lack of ready money and the consciousness of old clothes surround us with the timidity of poverty, and we seek the less frequented paths, turn from gay throngs and our courage and dignity are tattered, things of shreds and patches; the prop then, perhaps, is cheap bravado or a lie.

To the little school miss on the day of the entertainment, what a prop is the bristling blue sash; it is horrid to stammer and forget the words, but the sting is healed by the return trip down the aisle to her desk, hearing the swish of the sash as she passes the other desks and rustles to her seat.

The man who is an expert horseman, but who was insignificant, timid, and awkward in the drawing-room, too bashful to propose to the disdainful young society queen whom he adored, said: "Oh! if I could only ride into the drawing-room and to my lady's chair I know I could win her."

The doctor depends much upon his gloves; he can be busy with them when vital or difficult questions are asked as he is leaving the house of the patient and is waylaid in the hall by anxious friends; they are a sort of moral safety-valve.

For the bashful boy who is deprived in the hall of hat and gloves before entering the room filled with people, if some good fairy would only hand him a book to occupy his hands, so he need only look after his feet, what a prop it would be to him!

The proud hostess who rises at the end of a successful dinner party, to lead her guests from the room, lets her eye rest on her mental prop, the butler; he and he alone realizes her triumph and his glance answers: "Madam is a great general."

A clergyman's prop lies in well-fitting vestments. In a small Episcopal church a visiting clergyman was invited to take part in the service one Sunday evening, and he came without his vestments, thinking he might borrow some, but the resident minister had two white surplices and but one black cassock. Time pressed and there was but one thing to do, one must wear the white garment without the nether one of black, and the self-sacrificing resident did it. A charming man and delightful speaker he usually was, but after the walk up the aisle in

his incomplete outfit, the spectacle demoralizing, both, for the choir and the younger members of the congregation, extreme nervousness took hold of him and he stammered through the service, unmanned by the loss of his mental prop and his dignity. Thus are we crowded at times by others' thoughtless deeds into trying situations from which there seems no escape.

As for the writer of this article, I can speak with the authority of most intimate acquaintance, she must have her hair arranged in the way she affects it and her shoes on to cope with life's emergencies; in fact, with a well-arranged, clear head and good understanding she manages to find the smile that is hidden in the most serious of faces, and by separating the bitter from the sweet, to be well shaken and taken when no one is looking, she finds the waggish old world rather a jolly place, and loves to watch frail humanity leaning gently upon their "mental props," while they are happily quite unconscious of her scrutiny.

JEANNETTE YOUNG.

## Books Reviewed—Fact and Fiction

It is an enduring pity that Whistler, who now sojourns with gracious condescension in a more distant, and perhaps a better world, should be denied the opportunity of reading the several biographies devoted to his witticisms and his work. No one could possibly peruse them with more zest or reply to their contents with more perverse cleverness than the painter himself. Whistler *versus* his Biographers would excel all the celebrated cases in which he has figured. Yet this incomparable individual who taught his age the meaning of aesthetic reticence and who was himself so lacking in social restraint remains oblivious of earthly happenings. High up in heaven he cocks his hat jauntily over one eye and twirls his stick in serene superiority. And here below industrious chroniclers do their best and their worst by one who can no longer fly into picturesque passion or place trivial matters before high tribunals. His only protest is a mute array of delicate, persuasive symphonies in grey, green, or gold, and certain immortal etchings and lithographs. One of the first in the field and one of the most significant of Whistler biographies is Mortimer

Menpes's "Whistler as I Knew Him."\* The book is an imposing memorial to a friendship, an estrangement, and to the subsequent penitence of Mr. Menpes. For a number of years the two men were inseparable, enjoying to the full the perfect relation of master and pupil. A quarrel ensued, several quarrels in fact, and they separated, Whistler continuing to exercise all the resources of his gentle art. It matters not who was in the wrong, for now that Whistler is gone Menpes alone could have been the offender. Throughout the pages of this superbly printed and copiously illustrated volume, the author loses no opportunity to make complete and fitting restitution. His contrition is beautiful, benign; he tells story after story, cites incident after incident, extolling Whistler's genius and cleverness and depicting his own simple, patient fidelity. There are many hidden touches of pathos in Menpes's prostrate reverence for one to whom he owed so much and whom he had so grievously wounded. No detail, however slender, is omitted in the filling in of this tender and loving picture. Entire pages are consecrated

\* "Whistler as I Knew Him." By MORTIMER MENPES. Illustrated. Macmillan. \$10.

to minute descriptions of Whistler at the hair-dresser's, Whistler having a coat fitted, Whistler setting his palette, trimming the margins of his etchings, or imperiously waving aside creditors, pestiferous visitors, and poisonous art critics. Each narrative offers fresh proof of the pupil's admiration, devotion, and unflinching loyalty. They first met, it seems, in the rooms of the Fine Arts Society when Menpes was still studying at the South Kensington Schools.

"The moment I saw him," says Menpes with touching ecstasy, "I realised that I had at last come into contact with a master. I became conscious that I was meeting face to face one of the greatest painters living. From that hour I was almost a slave in his service, ready and only too anxious to help, no matter in how small a way. I took off my coat there and then, and began to grind up ink for the Master. I forgot the Schools—these were finished and over forever. I never went back again—I simply fagged for Whistler and gloried in the task."

Now and then they took trips together, the most important being a few weeks stay at St. Ives in company with "Walter,"—probably Walter Sickert, another enthralled follower. They usually breakfasted at the same hour and whenever the coffee happened to prove inferior, Whistler would exhibit signs of tragic despair. The disciples understood his symptoms and were duly sympathetic. "For a time there was silence. Nothing was said. Suddenly the Master would frown. Our horizon became darkened on the instant. Breakfast no longer had attractions. The world was a blank, the Master was troubled."

The visit to St. Ives furnished the scene for another memorable incident. "Walter" was a fine, frank fellow and a prime favorite with the fishermen, who often gave him fish which he took to the inn and presented to the delighted landlady. This invariably annoyed Whistler, who one day broke out majestically with "Why don't they give me fish? It is the Master who should receive these gifts." Whistler finally took to chatting daily with the fishermen about the sea, boats, etc., in hope of being presented with fish, but somehow, continues Menpes, "The St. Ives fisher-folk never gave him fish, and Whistler was far too proud to ask. 'It must be given,' he would say, 'of their own free will.' What marvellous finesse, and tact, and cunning, and humor I have heard wasted on those coarse fishermen! What veiled entreaties and flatteries! Yet never a mackerel did his fluency

bring forth, never a sprat. Many a time I have felt sorry for the Master as he turned away fishless and discontented."

The book is full of similar episodes, each in turn reflecting the most beatific solicitude, each palpitating with human kindness and timid, tremulous adoration. One feels deeply for Whistler, and even more deeply for Menpes. One can barely refrain from brushing aside a furtive tear over the mackerel and the sprat. It is easy to see that the old quarrel between the two men has been totally, magnanimously forgotten, that Menpes's only aim is to beautify and dignify their former friendship. In the writing of this book he constantly removes Whistler's halo, brightens it with loving hands, and gently replaces it. About the master's brow he waves with ceaseless and caressing undulation the fabled olive branch.

CHRISTIAN BRINTON.

One's gratitude to Mr. Pattison is—or should be—boundless. In the preparation of this comprehensive volume\* he has stopped at nothing which might in any way facilitate a ready understanding of painting since the Renaissance. He has not been deluded into tracing

the development of a tendency or the evolution of an idea, but adheres to a strictly chronological method. Painters are thus placed side by side in the order of birth, with their nationality added, as, for instance, on page 94 we have "Jean Honoré Fragonard (1732-1806—French)" immediately followed by a paragraph devoted to "George Romney (1734-1802—English)." Mr. Pattison in this way begins with Leonardo and ends with Thomas Dewing. There are no deviations from this admirable scheme. The inflexible march of dates is undisturbed by considerations of a sentimental or dilettante nature. Owing possibly to requirements of space, Mr. Pattison is obliged to give highly condensed and characteristic studies of each man, and many of these pen pictures are models of suggestive and analytical brevity. Here are two excellent examples: "Courbet is called a brute by people who cannot understand him," "Jules Breton is a painter of peasants in processions of a religious nature and other matters, naturalistic though with fine style."

Occasionally Mr. Pattison employs the apostrophe, of which "grandeur thy name is Michael Angelo!" is a typical sample. It is

\*"Painters Since Leonardo: Being a History of Painting from the Renaissance to the Present Day." By JAMES WILLIAM PATTISON. Illustrated. H. S. Stone & Co.

a pity that in a work which is manifestly chronological, Mr. Pattison should at times give wrong dates as he does in the case of Watts's birth, and elsewhere. Still it would be unbecoming to cavil at anything touching a book so serious of purpose and so systematic in plan.

C. B.

In his preface to the "Woman in White," Wilkie Collins pathetically implores his reviewers not to retell his story in brief. If every phrase of his two volumes were indeed essential to the understanding of his complicated, romantic plot, as he confidently asserts, it is self evident that his point is one to give pause to Political Institutions.

A sketchy outline of a subject handled with the extreme precision with which Prof. Osgood has handled this consideration of the genesis and growth of our political institutions\* cannot possibly do it or him justice. Hence no condensation of his carefully balanced thousand pages is here essayed. A single perusal is sufficient to convince the reader that the work is a splendid landmark in the field, one not to be ignored by any later investigator. Prof. Osgood's scheme is to trace the growth of the British American colonies as institutions of government and as a part of a great system whose end is not yet. He definitely confines himself to this institutional side of the question and utilizes material of a social or economic nature only so far as it is capable of throwing light on political growth and development. The fact of this specified treatment is a complete justification for the book's existence. Narrative and constitutional American histories abound but this is the first institutional history of the colonies. A host of books that have issued forth from Harvard and Yale, besides the many valuable studies on various epochs written by Thwaites and others, are not set aside. This stands on a different footing.

The present volumes are but part of Prof. Osgood's plan. The degree of self-government exercised within the colonies in the first century of their existence is the topic of his present investigation. Another volume will follow on the British side of the problem at the same formative epoch and the entire work is meant to serve as an introduction to American institutional history while illustrating the principles of British colonization.

\*"The American Colonies in the Seventeenth Century." By HERBERT L. OSGOOD, Ph.D., Professor of History in Columbia University. 2 vols. \$15.00, Macmillan.

The individual characteristics of the diverse settlements are examined in close comparative detail and a freshness of phrase illuminates their features. Every one knows in general terms that within Massachusetts the immigrants had a hand in their own affairs denied to the settlers of the different kinds of proprietary provinces, but the exact reason for and the outcome of this condition as put in these volumes cannot fail to be suggestive to the initiate and infinitely instructive to the less informed.

The real interest of the matter carries the reader on in spite of the lack of all charm or grace in style. Infinitely worthy and without one spark of fascination, but nevertheless even the general reader should not be daunted by the pages. They are emphatically valuable.

P. R.

The most hostile reviewer could not deny two obvious recommendations of Mr. Curtis's party history\*—its timeliness and its authoritativeness. It appears in the year when

Roosevelt a Presidential election is to be held and when the Republican and Republicanism. party is celebrating its semi-centenary; and it has a foreword by the President (Mr. Roosevelt) and introductions by the President *pro tempore* of the Senate (Senator Frye) and the Speaker of the House of Representatives (Mr. Cannon). The two octavo volumes, aggregating nearly 1100 pages, present a painstaking record of the rise and progress of the Republican party, just enough notice being taken of the doings of the Democratic and other party organizations to make the record intelligible. A vast amount of space is occupied by documents, addresses, nominating speeches, etc. The work is monumental in its magnitude.

From his first five lines we learn two interesting facts about the author of this book †: he is not a grammarian,—and he wrote the first of these papers some twenty years ago. The opening essay begins thus: "In the preamble to the Constitution of the United States it says." Shade of Lindley Murray! And the sentence quoted from the Constitution is called "the grandest . . . ever yet inscribed in America, and perhaps the

\*"The Republican Party: A History of its Fifty Years' Existence and a Record of its Measures and Leaders. 1854-1904." By FRANCIS CURTIS. 2 vols. Putnam. \$6.00 net.

†"True Republicanism; or, The Real and Ideal in Politics." By FRANK PRESTON STRAENS. Lippincott. \$1.50 net.

grandest of the past hundred years." So that Mr. Stearns must have penned this encomium not later than 1887. "The Winter of 1861" is a review of Von Holst's "History of American Politics," and the chapters on Lincoln and Hamilton review the biographies of those statesmen written by Mr. John T. Morse and Senator Lodge respectively. No effort is made to disguise either the character or the age of the several chapters in the book, nor even to reconcile such rather divergent statements as those on pages 58 and 163 relating to Lincoln's preparedness for the task of administering the government when he first undertook to perform it. He was rather better prepared, we take it, than the author inclines to think, even in the matter of knowing the men he would be called upon to deal with when he got to Washington. He may not have known the petty politicians who infested the national Capitol, but he was intimately acquainted with the type, and no one knew better how to thwart its petty purposes. Mr. Stearns has opinions of his own, and expresses them with vigor. His

book is thoroughly readable—none the less so because he ranks Lincoln below Washington and Hamilton.

In the extent of his literary output President Roosevelt already rivals John Quincy Adams, though the earlier Chief Magistrate when he ceased writing was many years older than Mr. Roosevelt is to-day. When he has made his last speech and written his last book—as good Americans we trust that will be a long while hence—it will be a case of Roosevelt first, Adams a good second, and the rest nowhere. In quality too his work is well above the Presidential average. Besides the Addresses and Messages the present volume\* contains a number of letters, including the famous "race suicide" one addressed to Mrs. Van Vorst. In an appreciative introduction Senator Lodge lays special stress on the sincerity of all the President's utterances, whether written or spoken.

J. B. G.

\*"Addresses and Presidential Messages of Theodore Roosevelt, 1902-04." Introduction by HENRY CABOT LODGE. Putnam. \$1.50.

## The Book-Buyer's Guide

### BIOGRAPHY

**Bancroft—Letters from England.** By Mrs. Geo. Bancroft. Scribner. \$1.50 net.

Letters written to family friends when her husband was minister to England (1846-1849), abounding in references to people of note whom she met, and to English society of the period, evidently written with no thought that they would ever get into print, and all the better on that account. The book is copiously illustrated with portraits.

**Colville—Duchess Sarah.** By Mrs. Arthur Colville. Longmans.

Few women, not excepting those who have sat on thrones, have been more famous for beauty, talent, force of character, and energy than Sarah Jennings, Duchess of Marlborough, and so much has been written about her that one wonders on first taking up this portly volume whether he will find in it much that is new or interesting; but it is something more than a mere biography of a remarkable woman. It is really an important contribution to the social history of her times, with many graphic sketches and anecdotes of her contemporaries in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. We follow her from her early years amid the frivolities and vices of the court of the second Charles, through the troubled times of James

II., the political and social intrigues under William and Mary and the reign of William III., until she becomes a power behind the throne of Queen Anne—the most important period of her career (1702-1714), to which five of the thirteen chapters are devoted,—and her later but less brilliant years "when George I. was king." The author remarks in her preface that "much is recorded that may appear trivial," but most that might come in that category is what could not be found readily, if at all, elsewhere, while it is valuable as throwing effective sidelights on more formal history. The illustrations are photogravures from portraits of Sarah and her distinguished husband, the hero of Blenheim, the kings and the queen who figure in the narrative, and lesser notabilities of the time.

**Dodge—Napoleon.** By Theodore Ayrault Dodge. 4 vols. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. \$16 net. Illus.

Two volumes of "Napoleon" in the "Great Captains" Series have now appeared. Beginning with an account of army organization at the end of the eighteenth century, they cover the period of Napoleon's greatest triumphs, and bring his story down to Heilsberg and Friedland in 1807. Both volumes are profusely illustrated. The book will be more fully noticed when completed

**Eggleston—The American Immortals.** By George Cary Eggleston. Putnam. \$3.50 net.

The "immortals" are the twenty-nine men elected to New York University's Hall of Fame for their "achievements in statecraft, war, science, literature, art, law, and commerce," the list of whom is so familiar to our readers that it need not be reprinted here. A concise biography of each is given, with a critical estimate of his character and achievements. The author does not indulge in indiscriminate eulogy, but criticises frankly and freely what seem to him faults and defects in the persons honored in this popular nomination and election. He also comments on the criticisms in the newspapers and elsewhere upon the results of the election, and expresses surprise at the omission of West from the artists and Elias Howe from the inventors; also at the singular fact that, though the poll was absolutely free, without distinction of sex, no woman was chosen, and only eight were voted for, of whom Mary Lyon received the highest number of votes (twenty), the minimum necessary for election being 51. Charlotte Cushman had 14 votes, and Martha Washington 13; other women getting from 3 to 12. Much other curious and interesting information concerning the election is given in the introduction. The rest of the book seems to us excellent in its way; though, as the author predicts in his preface, every reader will probably find something in the essays with which to disagree. We venture, however, to predict that every reader will find far more to approve and enjoy. The illustrations are good portraits of all the "immortals," and the mechanical execution of the book is unexceptionable.

**Ford—Thomas Jefferson.** By Paul Leicester Ford. Monographs of the American Revolution. Elson & Co., Boston. University Press, Cambridge. \$5.00; sold to subscribers only.

Just before his death, Mr. Ford completed the sketch of Jefferson's character which is now issued in this sumptuous series of monographs. Few are the words but they are spoken with the authority gained from the prolonged and minute study of Jefferson's works made by the author. Certainly the great Democrat's weaknesses are not glossed over. Mr. Ford acknowledges moral blindness and almost absurd shortsightedness at certain crises, a lack of comprehension of the rights of the minority, and a mental confusion in financial matters; but he urges that an understanding of what Jefferson endeavored to accomplish explains and softens many of his apparent contradictions and questionable acts.

The claim that Jefferson was the actual founder of the Democratic party, Ford classes as ridiculous, because such a party always existed. His widespread influence, long enduring as it has been, was due to a subtle understanding between him and the people in a way to make them forgive in him weaknesses and defects which they have seldom condoned in others.

The summary is not heroic, but it bears the imprint of close touch with the subject and is an

exceedingly interesting and finished bit of work, defining Thomas Jefferson with a firm pen.

The illustrative matter consists of the first draft of the Declaration of Independence and Jefferson's Inaugural Address, besides two beautiful portraits, one an etching.

**Hill—Juniper Hall.** By Constance Hill. John Lane. \$5.00.

The Hall, an old mansion in Surrey, England, was for a time the home of a group of French refugees after the downfall of Louis XVI. There they became intimate with Fanny Burney and her friends, and there M. d'Arblay, one of the *émigrés*, fell in love with Fanny and married her. That romance, with extracts from her letters (some not before published), and others by Dr. Burney and Edmund Burke, is perhaps the most interesting part of the book, though it gives us glimpses of Madame de Staël, Talleyrand, and other notable characters, and of English country life in that day. The illustrations are mostly photographic portraits of the persons who figure in the narrative, with views of the Hall and its neighborhood and of French localities, etc.

**Maclay—Moses Brown, Captain U. S. N.** By Edgar S. Maclay. Baker & Taylor. \$1.25 net.

The thrilling adventures of one of the leading privateer captains of the American Revolution, afterwards commander of the first warship named *Merrimack*, a fine old sailor and fighter. The book contains much historical matter equally fresh and interesting, and is well illustrated withal.

## FICTION

**Bangs—The Inventions of the Idiot.** By John Kendrick Bangs. Harper. \$1.25.

The Idiot is genial and better bred than some of the other boarders, but as a breakfast table autocrat in motley, he has become a bore.

**Cleveland—A Night with Alessandro.** By T. Cleveland, Jr. Holt. \$1.25.

For a sketch this story has the merit of rapidity of action, but it lacks historical atmosphere and local color, though this latter is not so deficient. There is plenty of ginger, if cut and slash, gore and impossible situations are hot.

**Francis—Dalrymple, A Romance of the British Prison Ship, "The Jersey."** By Mary C. Francis. James Pott & Co. \$1.50.

A Revolutionary tale of a prison martyr. Not by any means a work of art. The characters are wooden and conventional, but possibly the picture of one disagreeable phase of the war is worth preserving.

**Gaskell—Old Shropshire Life.** By Lady Catherine Milnes Gaskell. John Lane.

A series of tales illustrating manners and customs in Shropshire, and introducing many curious old superstitions, bits of folk-lore, etc., that throw light upon life in that part of England. A list of old Shropshire words is appended, and the book is well illustrated from local photographs and sketches.

**Malling—The Governor's Wife.** Pictures from the Imperial Court of France, 1806-1807. By Matilda Malling. Translated by Henriette Langan St. John. Thomas M. St. John. New York. \$1.25.

The author is a Scandinavian, who has attempted something between romance and history, adding to the enormous number of Napoleonic books already in existence. It was not worth while, but no great harm is done.

**Marshall—The Middle Wall.** By Edward Marshall. Dillingham. \$1.50.

Though for the most part a story of the sea, "The Middle Wall" is not a sea story. It has stirring episodes and hairbreadth escapes, mitigated by dialogue whose only excuse for its length is a quaint and good-tempered Cape Cod character somewhat exaggerated. However, the reading is pleasant, if unimportant, and restful. One easily forgives the cheap sentiment and sensationalism of this story because of its excellent intentions and because of the complete triumph of virtue which it exhibits.

**Orcutt—Robert Cavalier; the Romance of the Sieur de la Salle and His Discovery of the Mississippi River.** By William Dana Orcutt. McClurg. \$1.50.

This novel is laid in the territory which Parkman "rules as his demesne," and the temptation to build fiction there is as great as the difficulty of investing the story with anything like the fascination of the history. If the reader had never heard of Parkman, this romance would leave a more favorable impression. We recognize the forest and its belongings, the zest of discovery, Indian treachery, Jesuit greed; with these and a little French and colonial history are mixed brotherly hate and a love affair, and we have the ingredients according to the receipt of the novelists' cook-book. The result, however, suggests the need of yeast or longer baking.

**Quick—Aladdin & Co. A Romance of Yankee Magic.** By Herbert Quick. Holt & Co. \$1.50.

The story of a boomed town opens with an original touch, but speedily becomes confused, heavy, and uninteresting, with touches of promise that never materialize.

**Russell—Stony Lonesome.** By Arthur J. Russell. Illustrated by Ruth Mary Hallock. Rand, McNally & Co.

Charming indeed are the illustrations, full of life and movement in each spirited little figure. The story of the boys' adventures is very inferior to the pictures, forced in its fun, flat in its incidents, and common in its language.

**Sheringham and Meakin—The Court of Sacharissa. A Midsummer Idyl.** By Hugh Sheringham and Nevill Meakin. Macmillan. \$1.50.

Preciosity is admirable if perfect. Every one cannot write in the fashion of Maurice Hewlitt and Walter Pater. Therefore this essay in the manner of a Jacobin romance amounts to hardly more than a piece of pleasant fooling which requires an unusually sophisticated

literary palate to relish. Laborious simplicity and extreme insignificance of phrase are praiseworthy if the story arrives, but this "idyl" only *sloshes* about.

**Sienkiewicz—Life and Death, and Other Stories and Legends.** By Henryk Sienkiewicz. Translated from the original Polish by Jeremiah Curtin. Little, Brown & Co. \$1.00.

To those who have a taste for symbolic and for allegorical writings this book will appeal. It is mystical, it is poetical, and figurative. In the preface Mr. Curtin explains one or more of the parables. The rest the reader may guess.

**Taylor—In the Dwellings of the Wilderness.** By C. Byron Taylor. Holt. \$1.25.

Here is an original ghost story such as one does not often read outside folk-lore collections. It is a tale of Egypt, excavation, and a vampire. One can get a gentle thrill from it and the cruder part is delicately intimated. We commend it to inquirers after the gruesome.

## HISTORY

**Walpole—The History of Twenty-five Years.** By Sir Spencer Walpole. 2 vols. Longmans.

A supplement to the author's "History of England from the Conclusion of the War of 1815 to 1858," in six volumes, published about twenty years ago. It covers the period from 1856 to 1880, and is something more than a continuation of the former work, giving, as it does, more space to the affairs of other nations, which in the twenty-five years here treated have materially affected British interests and British policy. In this broader field the author shows the same thoroughness in research and skill in presentation which characterized the earlier work; and this, like that, will come to be reckoned among standard authorities for the student, which are at the same time attractive to the general reader.

**Williams—The Historians' History of the World.** Edited by Henry Smith Williams, LL.D. The Outlook Company. 25 vols. \$80.00, on subscription.

In the twelve volumes already published of this twenty-five-volume narrative of the rise and development of nations, the editors show that they aim not at bringing forward new facts, but rather at arranging a complete and consecutive story of human progress, from remote times to the present day, based on the actual writings of great historians of every nation. Also an attempt is made to give the text a form accessible for reference by the use of superior letters, chronologies, lists of authorities, and bibliographies. Thus far the work has succeeded admirably, and shows every promise of becoming, in extent and volume, a standard of modern historical compilation. More than two thousand historians were put under contribution, among whom are Macaulay, Gibbon, Grote, Carlyle, Mommsen, Ranke, Schloffen, Michelet, Martin, Daretti, and Thiers. Under Henry Smith Williams, editor-

in-chief, introductory and explanatory essays have been contributed by Prof. C. W. C. Oman, Dr. James Gairdner, Professor Alfred Rambaud, Professor Reinhold Kaser, Dr. Albert Bushnell Hart, Dr. Edward Meyer, and others. Fifteen thousand translations were made from foreign languages, including Russian and Japanese, and composing over five thousand of the sixteen thousand five hundred pages. Yet in describing the civilized countries, from Ancient Egypt and Babylonia to modern England and new Japan, each nation's history has been moulded into a continuous narrative.

The illustrations, while not over-numerous, are composed of well-chosen line-cuts of events, buildings, and persons, inserted from time to time, together with a frontispiece etching of a famous historian, and about ten half-tone plates from historical pictures in each volume.

The text, as a work of various authors, is hardly capable of criticism, though the patch-work has been excellently carried out. The present twelve volumes deal with Egypt, Mesopotamia, Israel, Phoenicia, Asia Minor, Ancient India, Ancient Persia, Greece, Rome, the Later Roman Empire, the Arabs, the Crusades, the Papacy, Italy, Spain and Portugal, and France. The work is an original effort in the English language, scholarly and accurate, of exceptional scope, a work of reference, and a work to be read. It brings out clearly the important events of history, and yet is within the grasp of a busy man.

#### MISCELLANEOUS

**Beers—Points at Issue.** By Henry A. Beers. Macmillan. \$1.50.

Professor Beers's essays are somewhat too heterogeneous in subject and style of treatment, to make up a really admirable volume. The opening essay, on "College Entrance Requirements," an explanation of the attitude of Yale University in the matter of requiring "English" of its candidates for admission, not only belongs exclusively in the Educational Review, where it was originally printed, but it has no possible bond of connection with essays on "The English Lyric" or "Literature and the Civil War." Professor Beers has something to say in each essay, and he says it lucidly, if without grace or distinction; but the result is not, in the real sense, a book. Moreover, are any of his "points" really "at issue?" Does anybody dispute "Emerson's Transcendentalism" or "The Modern Feeling for Nature?"

**Benson—The Book of Months.** By E. F. Benson. Harper. \$2.50.

A book whose elaborate dress, comprising an ornamental cover, heavy paper, and marginal illustrations in color, seems somewhat out of proportion to the importance of the text. As a record of impressions of nature and of humanity, it is decidedly thin, and the love story which is used to pad out a succession of months is conventional and false. The idea, at least, was good, and this unfortunate attempt suggests how charming a thing a "Book of Months" might be. But the knowledge that Mr. Benson likes very hot baths and that

he has a "passion for crowds" can hardly be stimulating even to the least exacting of his readers.

**Brousseau—L'Education des Nègres aux Etats-Unis.** By Kate Brousseau. Felix Alcan (Paris). \$1.50 (7.50 fr.).

An elaborate and detailed account of what has been done for and against the Negro, educationally, from the beginning of Slavery in the United States. Statistics are liberally given in support of the statements made.

**Coolidge—The Mother's Manual.** By Emelyn Lincoln Coolidge, M.D. Barnes. \$1.00 net. Illus.

This very useful little book gives practical advice as to the care of a baby, month by month until its first year, and then more condensed information as to a child's treatment up to seven years. Its simple style makes the information imparted comprehensible to even the most ignorant young mother; no medical technicalities are indulged in, and no absurd fads exploited. Sensible, normal, healthy advice is given, and were more mothers to follow it carefully there would be fewer sickly babies.

**Hart—When a Maid Marries.** By Lavinia Hart. Dodd, Mead & Co. \$1.00.

For an instance of concentrated good advice we commend this remarkable book. No spinster under the age of fifty should fail having it alongside her bedside candlestick. It is for men also—at least men intending to marry—a book full of joy. Regarded one way it may be a preventive of divorce, for it ought to obviate connubial infelicities. To intimate the vast scope of the treatise, let us take the headings or topics of some of the chapters: "What shall we do to keep our husbands home at nights?" "Who shall be Boss?" "Wanted—Wives." This last might be taken as a matrimonial advertisement in the Salt Lake City *Daily News*. How delicate are these affairs of the Heart! Truly no one better than Lavinia Hart could help the world in emergencies when a maid marries and when she does n't. It is beyond all controversy a notable contribution to the World's Wisdom literature, and should be put on the same shelf with the "Precepts of Ptah Hotep" and "Tod's Student's Manual."

**Iverach—Descartes, Spinoza, and the New Philosophy.** By James Iverach. Imported by the Scribners.

A volume in the series of "The World's Epoch-Makers," giving in very compact form a clear general idea of its subjects, with ample bibliographical references to larger and more elaborate works. It is well suited to students and readers who want such an outline of the matters treated.

**Joyce—Shakspere: Personal Recollections.** By Col. John A. Joyce. Broadway Publishing Co.

The book is dedicated to those "who have brains enough to understand its philosophy," and may interest such, if such there be. The author gives several facsimiles of autograph letters and poems by Shakspere which are

spelled and pointed in twentieth-century style! One of them is appropriately dated "April 1st," and the whole book is in keeping therewith, though apparently written in all seriousness.

**Patrick—Chambers's Cyclopaedia of English Literature.** By David Patrick, LL.D. 3 Vols. J. B. Lippincott Co. \$15.00 net.

This history of English men of letters, from the earliest times to the present day, cannot fail of recognition as a standard, with a list of contributors including Lord Tennyson, Algernon Charles Swinburne, Alfred William Pollard, Sidney Lee, Andrew Lang, George Saintsbury, Austin Dobson, and Theodore Watts Dunton. The edition, the fifth since 1842, follows the chronological order from the Saga of Beowulf, composed in the eighth century, to the latest fiction of Mary Johnston. The authors have not intended to construct an anthology, but rather to give an illustration of the average achievement of each writer, with a sample of his best work, set in a biographical and critical history of the literature itself, as a finger-post to guide the readers to the most desirable books. The work is divided into three volumes of over eight hundred pages each; the first dealing with English literature from the beginning, through the Restoration period, the second including the works of the eighteenth century, and the third coming down to modern times. The text is illustrated by carefully selected fac-similes of manuscripts and three hundred portraits.

**Putnam—A Medieval Princess.** Being a true record of the changing fortunes which brought divers titles to Jacqueline, Countess of Holland; together with an account of her conflict with Philip, Duke of Burgundy (1401-1436). By Ruth Putnam. Putnam. \$2.25. Illus.

In a beautifully printed and illustrated volume is told the story of Jacqueline of Holland—a true romance that surpasses many imaginary ones in varied and extraordinary fortunes. Miss Putnam, an honorary member of the "Maatschappij Van Nederlandsche Letterkunde," gives, incidentally, many interesting details of medieval life, and shows herself admirably fitted to deal with this period of history.

**Singer—The Jewish Encyclopedia.** Prepared by more than four hundred specialists. Isidore Singer, Ph.D., Editor. Volume VI. Funk & Wagnalls. \$6.00.

It is impossible, without taking all the space of THE CRITIC, to give an adequate account of the wealth of learning in this monumental work. Among the contributors are Christians as well as Jews. The scope, in alphabetical order, ranges through articles on topics from God to Istria, inclusive, amounting to 1813 subjects. Many of these are biographical. Among the major articles, these, God, Hebrew Grammar, Habadalah, Hadgadya, Haggadah, Hair, Hali-zah, Hallel, Halukkah, Haumkkah, Hasidum, Hellenism, Heilpin, Herod I., Hezekiah, High Place, High Priest, Hillel, Hittite, Holy Spirit, Hosea, Desecration of the Host, Ibn Ezra,

Ibn Gabiral, Ibn Tibbon, Incunabula, Inquisition, Inspiration, Isaiah, Islam and Israel, are the more important. Moreover the volume is enriched with many illustrations and curious musical scores. As we have already said, too much praise cannot be given to the breadth of spirit and depth of learning which characterize this valuable work.

**Singleton—French and English Furniture.** By Esther Singleton. McClure, Phillips & Co. A timely and valuable contribution to popular aesthetic education. Perhaps there is no other familiar subject upon which such loose information prevails as in regard to "periods" of furniture. Vague confusions of Heppelwhite and Sheraton may be straightened out for all time by Miss Singleton's lucid and specific chapters, supplemented by excellent illustrations. Not only the furniture of each period is described in detail, but the ceilings, wall decorations and chimney pieces congruous with the furniture, as well as the proper draping of beds and windows, and the appropriate "cords and tassels," "braids and nails." Twelve "periods" receive each a detailed chapter, beginning with the Louis XIII. and ending with the Empire, and including the Jacobean, Queen Anne, Chippendale, Heppelwhite, and Sheraton periods and those of the various Louis.

**Surbridge—The Confessions of a Club-Woman.** By Agnes Surbridge. Doubleday, Page & Co. \$1.50. Illus.

Women's clubs, with their petty jealousies, ambitions, and triumphs, are sarcastically and amusingly exploited in this book. Perhaps there is another side to the story, but the pictures of club-women presented here are not attractive, and will not encourage anyone to leave her home for the doubtful pleasures of club life.

**Thwing—College Training and the Business Man.** By Charles F. Thwing, LL.D. Appleton. \$1.00.

It is somewhat an easy fashion Dr. Thwing has of writing books on questions of academic interest. He scatters a set of queries among people whose opinion is of weight on the particular topic under consideration, and incorporates their replies into his essay. Due credit is given to each person, and the result is a collation of comments of much interest. In this case he has consulted presidents of railroad companies and other corporations. In spite of the fact that most of these practical men minimize the advantage of the college years, the author's own conclusion is that in spite of instances of failure, it is, on the whole, the best preparation for life that can be given to a boy.

**Tolman and Hemstreet—The Better New York.** By Dr. W. H. Tolman and Charles Hemstreet. Baker & Taylor Co. \$2.00 net. There are various kinds of "better New York," but this book deals mainly with the many institutions and agencies for bettering what is bad in the great city—the manifold philanthropies, charities, and other organized activities that make one of the worst cities in the

world also one of the best. People who have lived for years in New York will find here much interesting matter that will be entirely new to them. The book will be suggestive to students of human betterment throughout the country, and in other countries as well. The copious illustrations are such as really illustrate.

**Tozier—Among English Inns.** By Josephine Tozier. Page. \$1.60 net. Illus.

No matter how much has already been written about rural England there seems always room for a word more. Miss Tozier has taken some of the less tourist-frequented spots for her subject, and writes with an appreciation of the country and people, and a happy absence of the carping criticism that expects to find a duplicate U. S. on the other side of the water. Some practical information as to fees, luggage, etc., will be useful to inexperienced travellers; and the book, which is charmingly illustrated from photographs, will make a welcome guide to some beautiful spots in England.

**Windle—Chester.** By Bertram C. A. Windle. T. Pott & Co. \$1.50 net.

The delightful old English town is an inexhaustible theme, and this new volume about it is an agreeable combination of history and guide-book, with copious full-page and other illustrations and maps.

#### POETRY

**Eaton—Desire.** By Charlotte Eaton. G. W. Dillingham Co.

When the authoress of "Desire" (who is sure to be hailed, in some quarters, as a newly risen Sappho) tells us that:

"My voice is as the crying of the wind to his ears,  
My joy, the whirling of the leaf therein—  
My beauty, as a pebble to be cast into the waters,  
And my heart, as the dust that lies upon his pathway,"

we recognize that the shadow of orientalism, as it were, has fallen across the thought of the writer: there is almost the suggested echo of that wondrous lament for a regal lover, with which every reader of Lawrence Hope is familiar. But when, in the present volume, we come upon such rhythmless and rhymeless announcements as the following,

"I will make merry in the possession of my body, joying in its comeliness,  
On draughts of fresh air I will fatten, in the clear waters of the stream I will intoxicate myself," etc., etc.,

we at once hark home, again hearing the reverberated note prolonged from our "good gray poet." Various will the authoress of "Desire" be received, according to the reader's conception regarding the intimate communings of the heart feminine and the expression native thereto. For ourselves, alas, we would that we could confidently declare we had seen a new planet swim into the heavens of poesy.

But in truth the most of what Mrs. Eaton has to say (and she has a real message in such pieces as "A Scene Revisited," "A Meditation," etc.) were as well said in acknowledged prose. We take as characteristic of her more nearly lyrical quality, the following

#### TO MY OWN SOUL

"Go out to him, oh spirit, across the distance,  
and be with him through the darkness;  
Go out to him; speak gently, and incline his thoughts to you;  
Go out to him, oh spirit, surround him with your substance,  
In the silence enter into the sanctuary of his heart,  
Blending thought with thought, till you stand revealed before him."

It is to be said that the writer often draws dextrously her metaphors from the scenes of travel, as also from a somewhat widely varied reading.

If subtlety, however, implies the necessitated form of poesy, then there is a touch of poetic subtlety (which may strike the reader as also feminine subtlety) in "The Charmed Voice," which we give entire:

"As Ashtali, doomed to perpetual search for her lost child—whom she so dearly loved—  
Seeks everywhere, and seeks forever vainly,  
While he, in the wary form of the nightingale—ever eluding her—  
Pours out the sweet melancholy of her heart upon the world,  
Till in the charm of the singing, she forgets the futility of her quest;  
So, since my heart is destined to continual longing for you,  
May not my words, reflecting a love as un-failing as a mother's,  
Reach you as a bird-voice, touching your heart as unconsciously,  
Awakening within you a sympathy responsive to my loneliness."

**de Vere—The Wind-Swept Wheat.** By Mary Ainge de Vere. Brodger.

The author of "The Wind-Swept Wheat" in the volume bearing this title has given us a melodious translation of Becquer's melodious and haunting lament, "The Dark Swallows." And she has also, scattered through her unequal pages, not a few tender and suggestive, briefest lyrics, such as "In Absence," "A Chord," "A Free Slave," "A Woman's Thought"; the last of which we here transcribe:

"Dear, I would die, putting away  
Life and love's heart-beats just to know  
That you would plead with me, and pray  
Me, not to go.

"Yea; while your tender pleading strove,  
And while your dear arms held me fast,  
I would give life to know your love  
Life would outlast."

This, in spite of a certain dissonance to the ear, rings true, as a *cri du cœur*.

